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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUTUMN PATTERNS
see pages 32-33

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 25, 1953

Vol. 20, No. 39

WHY DELAY TELEVISION?

NO one will censure the Government on the score of caution in setting up a Royal Commission to inquire into television.

Everyone will bless them for doing their utmost to ensure that the Australian people get the best instead of the abominable worst from TV.

It is rather the delay which is both puzzling and irritating. Surely there is a point at which excessive caution becomes a greater evil than undue haste.

The Commission's terms of reference make it plain that the inquiry will take several months. After this will follow the Commission's report, which the Government must have time to consider.

After that — perhaps a short time, probably a long time — Australia might get television.

Is this delay necessary? Won't three past investigations abroad into TV plus the evidence of experts and others to be given to the Commission make enough talk about it?

At this stage couldn't some deadline for action be set?

Television has come to stay, whether you like it or not.

At the present snail's pace, any Australian who positively looks forward to seeing it in the comfort of his own sitting-room before 1956 is an optimist indeed.

Our cover:

● The young ladies posing so charmingly amid piles of reference books are conferring over the dance programme at a university college formal. If you like either of the frocks you can make it yourself. On page 34 is the full description plus the back view of these dresses and six other garments shown on pages 32 and 33, all sketched in black and white. Pattern numbers and prices and amounts of material required are also given on the three pages.

This week:

● Relic of the spacious days when hotels were proud of the hospitality they offered, Menzies in Melbourne has celebrated its centenary. Our story on page 21 tells of the part it has played in social and business life in the city since the roaring days of the great Victorian gold rushes.

● When the film "Gilbert and Sullivan" was in course of production at London Films' studios at Shepparton, Australian tourists were prominent among visitors to the studio. They delighted in taking tea at a mobile canteen with actors still made up for their parts. On page 25 you see some splendid color shots of the film.

Next week:

● Symbol of the friendly relations between America and Australia, the Stars and Stripes and the Australian flag streamed proudly at the head of the mach-past of the Hawaiian surf teams at Honolulu.

They were out of camera-range for the pictures you will see in color next week. The silken flags were so big each required several men to control it!

Music was provided by the band of the U.S. Marines of Pearl Harbor, and the display was watched by 7000 people.

Clinging relatives mar a heroine's romance

Book review by
HELEN FRIZELL

IN his novel "The Cardboard Crown," Australian author Martin Boyd frequently mentions the legend of an old woman who died and went to hell.

"She had lived a life of unrelieved wickedness, except that she once gave an onion to a beggar," the legend goes on.

"As the mercy of God is infinite, an angel let down an onion and told the woman in torment to grab it, which she did, and was pulled up towards Heaven.

"But a lot of other damned souls hung on to her skirts. The onion woman kicked them off, so the angel let go the onion and they all flopped back into Hell."

Mr. Boyd applies this legend to his heroine, Alice Langton, whose advance to happiness was always impeded by relatives and their demands on her money.

Not ruthless enough to kick free, she spent her life halfway between happiness and misery, in a stage of suspension.

When I had finished "The Cardboard Crown," I felt as though I were sharing this suspended state with Alice (and the onion woman).

At times Mr. Boyd's literary ability, his observations, and descriptions are so acute that one feels he has attained the peak in writing.

But the let-down comes when his characters prove to be cut from the same cardboard as the symbolical crown, his narrative grows confused, and his style as baroque as some European cathedrals.

The story of Alice Langton is related in the

first person by her grandson, Guy de Teba Langton—an elderly aesthete who piers her life history together from family gossip and from her diaries.

Alice is an Australian woman of the 19th century, who travels unceasingly between her two homes in Australia and England. Her tragedy is that in Europe she feels the need of Australia and in Australia yearns for European civilisation.

The diaries she keeps are unrelentingly dull, except for occasional passages written in French and penned in microscopic handwriting.

Less clever than Samuel Pepys, who devised a cipher system for his diaries, Alice Langton hoped that French—of all languages—would conceal her revelations of family scandals and the love she bore for the Englishman who was not her husband.

Her love was never fulfilled, for her many relatives always came between Alice and romance.

Martin Boyd presents for travellers to-day the problem of Alice, whom he likens to a captive seagull. On her return to Australia, she was not only "suspect to the flock, but the flock itself had become alien to the seagull."

Australians, returning to their country after several years abroad, implies Mr. Boyd, will appreciate the unhappy Alice's problem.

Unfortunately, Mr. Boyd has no ready answer to the question he poses, and the end of the book leaves us, as we were at the start, in mid-air.

"The Cardboard Crown," by Martin Boyd, was published by The Cresset Press. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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A romantic drama by
MARY SERGEANT

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

THE STORM

It wasn't until Hilda had been in the room for nearly twenty minutes that Anna's memory reached back across the years they had been apart and recalled a special quality about her.

It wasn't a happy recollection. She threw a suddenly apprehensive glance at the girl who sat by the bedside.

Meeting Hilda Graham in the High Street that morning, her reaction had been precisely the same as the last time she had seen her four years

ago, a shamefaced heart-warming towards a girl who was so dull.

Anna had been left, unexpectedly, with a free Saturday afternoon while Tom went to see his managing director, who had that morning returned from the United States.

Her invitation to Hilda to come to tea, therefore, had been quick and spontaneous.

Now, thinking back to the past when they had been schoolgirls and adolescents together, she regretted it.

For the thing she recalled about Hilda was her particular, probably her only, talent: that of drawing a doubting, sneaky finger across the thing in life that was most cherished.

She possessed an almost perfectly developed gift for destroying happiness. With her plain face and un-

winning manners this talent gave Hilda a power in which she took great pride.

Sitting in her mother's pretty drawing-room, Anna felt her heart touched by a cold, black fear. Her own happiness was so new, so very young and tender.

She reached across and took Hilda's cup, saying over-brightly, "You haven't told me half of what you've been doing. It must have been exciting living in Oxford, working with Professor Nielson on his book."

Hilda emitted a sly, half-deprecating laugh and her eye fastened on the sapphire ring on Anna's finger.

"Not nearly as exciting as your engagement to Tom."

Anna waited in dread. A part of her had always known, though never admitted, that there was one point over which her happiness was peculiarly vulnerable.

Now she knew that unerringly Hilda's mean little eyes and meaner heart had detected the weakness.

"Don't say it," she wanted to plead. "Please . . . it's all right, as long as it's never put into words."

But Hilda went on, her seemingly innocent prattle imbued with a deadly purpose.

"Anna, don't you feel a little scared . . . After all, I mean a second marriage, with a step-child, too?"

"Oh, no!" Anna's retort was almost too quick. She even forced herself to laugh. "I've known Tom all my life, and Tess is so small, only eighteen months. You couldn't be scared of her."

"That's what I mean," Hilda fiddled with her spoon in her saucer.

"It's so soon after, and it was so romantic. Mother wrote and told me about it: to be married just a year and then for her to die when the baby was born. She was called Zoe wasn't she? Does Tom ever talk about her to you?"

"Sometimes," Anna lied. What she had subconsciously dreaded for months was out now.

The small fears that had come to worry her in the night were solidified by someone else's recognition into something formidable and terrifying.

She picked up a plate of tarts. "You must have one. It's home-made lemon curd."

"No, thank you," Hilda said primly. "Actually, I'm dieting."

Anna surveyed the thin figure that was as devoid of curves as a piece of string and felt a wash of revulsion. Hilda was mean. She'd always been mean. But what, in common justice, had she done? Merely spoken aloud the words that Anna had never found courage to whisper to herself.

If, after losing the man you love, he returns to you, you accept him with thankfulness and without question.

At least, that was what Anna had done, at once transported into delight and made humble by the miracle that had brought Tom back to her.

The satisfaction of her own parents and the unfeigned pleasure of Tom's mother had been an extra measure of sun on her happiness.

Never once had she permitted herself to glance at the little crack of doubt that existed in the deep recesses of her heart, lest by admitting its existence she widened it. Now a

couple of sentences had turned it into a chasm.

When she had shown Hilda out, she leaned against the door and listened to the storm quickening and gathering strength within her.

Trembling, she glanced at her watch. It was only a quarter to six. She was not due to meet Tom until eight.

She went up to her bedroom and took the silver photograph frame, out of which Tom's face stared at her, over to the bed. A little brashly she had asked him for it on her eighteenth birthday, and with some embarrassment he had given it to her.

It had remained on her dressing-table until the day he wrote home to his mother from Paris telling her that he was marrying Zoe Ainsley, the daughter of an English doctor.

It had lain hidden from all eyes but her own during the year of Tom's marriage, during Mrs. Bell-hurst's journey to Paris to bring home her granddaughter, during the eight months that Tom had stayed in France after Zoe's death, and during the first nine months he had been back in England.

She had only put it back when Tom had asked her to marry him.

She gazed at it, willing it to give back to her that wonderfully soft, all-pervading happiness it usually aroused.

It was no good: she was all bitterness and curdling hate and distrust. The months of growing closer to Tom, the miracle of the last four weeks were reduced to nothing.

She was overpowered and utterly

To page 60

There seemed to be two Annas looking steadily at the portrait; one was consumed with jealousy at the imagined picture of Tom's life with Zoe.



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The Grand Sophy

Fifth instalment of our eight-part serial

SOPHIA STANTON-LACY, nicknamed "The Grand Sophy" by friends, considerably enlivens the home of her uncle and aunt, **LORD and LADY OMBERSLEY**, when she comes to stay with them during her father's absence in Brazil.

She becomes an instant favorite with the schoolroom members of the family and with lovely **CECILIA**, delighting them by blithely crossing swords with their domineering brother, **CHARLES RIVEN-**

HALL, and his staid fiancée, **EUGENIA WRAXTON**.

To Charles' disgust, Cecilia has rejected the suit of **LORD CHARLBURY** because of her infatuation for the feckless poet **AUGUSTUS FAWNHOPE**. Sophy is hoping to set the situation to rights but, at a ball in her honor, Cecilia impulsively announces that she is engaged to marry Augustus.

Lord Charlbury leaves immediately, but Sophy intercepts him as he goes, urging him to meet her out riding next morning. **NOW READ ON.**

IT was with no very real expectation of meeting Sophy that Lord Charlbury had a horse saddled next morning, and betook himself to Hyde Park, for it seemed to him that a young lady who had danced the night through would not be very likely to be found riding in the park by ten o'clock next day.

But he had not cantered once round the Row when he saw a magnificent black horse coming towards him, and recognised Sophy on its back.

He reined in, and pulled off his hat, exclaiming: "I made sure you would still be abed, and fast asleep! Are you made of iron, Miss Stanton-Lacy?"

She pulled Salamanca up, sidling and prancing, and said, laughing at him. "Did you think me such a poor creature as to be prostrated by one ball, sir?"

He turned his horse, and fell in beside her. John Potton followed at a discreet distance. Lord Charlbury complimented Sophy on Salamanca, but was cut short.

"Very true, he is a superb horse, but we have not met to talk of horses. Such a kick-up as there has been in Berkeley Square! Charles, of course—all Charles! The most diverting thing of all—do be diverted! Indeed, there is no need for that grave face!—is that Augustus Fawnhope was quite as much taken aback as you or Charles!"

"Are you telling me that he does not wish to marry Cecilia?" demanded Charlbury.

"Oh—! In some misty future! Certainly not immediately! I expect, you know, being a poet, he would much prefer to be the victim of a hopeless passion!" said Sophy merrily.

"Coxcomb!"

"If you like, I danced one waltz with him last night, when you had left us, and I do think I was very helpful, for I suggested to him a number of genteel occupations of a gainful nature, and promised to look about me for some great man in need of a secretary."

"I hope he was grateful to you," said Charlbury heavily.

"Not in the least! Augustus has a soul quite above such mundane matters as acquiring a respectable competence. I showed him what his future would be, in the prettiest way imaginable! Love in a cottage, you know, and a dozen hopeful children prattling at his knee."

"You are a most unaccountable girl!" he exclaimed, looking at her in a good deal of amusement. "Did this picture appall him?"

"Of course it did, but he is very chivalrous, and has now made up his mind to an early marriage. For anything I know he may be planning a flight to the Border."

"What?" ejaculated his lordship.

"Oh, have no fear! Cecilia is by far too well brought up to consent to such a scandalous thing! Let us have just one gallop! I know it is wrong, but there seem to be only nursemaids in the park this morning. No, I am quite at fault!

There is Lord Bromford, on that fat cob of his! Now we must gallop, or he will join us, and tell us about Jamaica!"

They flew down the track, Salamanca always just ahead of Charlbury's rattailed gray, and so rousing Lord Charlbury to enthusiasm. "That's a capital horse!" he said. "I do not know how you contrive to hold him, ma'am! Surely he is too strong for you?"

"I daresay, but he has charming manners, you see. Now we will proceed more soberly! Should you object very much to telling me whether you still desire to marry my cousin? You may sunb me, if you choose!"

He replied rather ruefully: "Will you think me contemptible if I tell you, yes?"

"Not at all. You would be foolish to refine too much upon what happened last night. If you still wish to marry Cecilia—and I must tell you that although I thought otherwise before I had met you, I have now made up my mind to it that you would suit capitally—I will show you just how you must go on."

HIS LORDSHIP could not help smiling. "I am much obliged to you! But if she loves young Fawnhope—"

"You must, if you please, consider for a moment!" said Sophy earnestly. "Only think how it was! No sooner had you declared yourself to my uncle than you contracted a ridiculous complaint."

As his lordship attempted to protest, Sophy went on firmly, "Cecilia then was informed that she was to become your wife—most ill-judged!—and along comes Augustus Fawnhope, looking, you will own, like a prince out of a fairy-tale, and falls in love with Cecilia's beauty! My dear sir, he writes poems in her praise! He calls her a nymph, and says her eyes put the stars to shame, and such stuff as that!"

"Good heavens!" said his lordship. "Exactly so! You cannot wonder that she was swept off her feet. I daresay you had never so much as thought of calling her a nymph!"

"Even to win Cecilia, I cannot write poetry, and if I could I'll be dashed if I would write such— Well, in any event I have no turn in that direction!"

"Oh, no, you must not attempt to outshine Augustus in that line!" said Sophy. "Your strength lies in being precisely the kind of man who can procure one a chair when it has come on to rain."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Can you not?" she asked, turning her head to look at him with raised brows.

"I expect I could, but—"

"Believe me, it is by far more important than being able to turn a verse!" she told him. "Augustus is quite unable to do so. I know, because he failed miserably at the Chelsea Gardens. I thought he would, which is why I made him escort Cecilia and me there on a day when you could see it would come

on to pour. Our muslins were soaked, and Cecy became almost cross with Augustus!"

He burst out laughing. "Major Quinton spoke nothing but the truth about you!" he declared. "I am already tired of you."

She smiled, but said: "Well, you need not be, for I mean to help you."

"That is what terrifies me."

"Nonsense! You are trying to quit me. We have established that you can procure chairs in a rainstorm; I am also of the opinion that when you invite a party to supper the waiters do not fob you off with a table in a draught."

"No," he agreed, regarding her with a fascinated eye.

"Augustus, of course, is not in a position to invite us to supper, because my aunt would not permit us to accept, but he did once entertain us to tea here in the park, and I could not but see that he is just the kind of man whom the waiters serve last. I feel sure I can rely upon you to see to it that everything goes without the least hitch when you invite us to the theatre, and to supper afterwards. You will be obliged, of course, to invite my aunt as well, but—"

"For heaven's sake!" he interrupted.

"You cannot suppose that in the situation in which we now stand Cecilia would consent to make one of a party of no making!"

"Certainly I do," she replied coolly.

"What is more, you will invite Augustus."

"No, that I will not!" he declared.

"Then you will be a great gaby. You must understand that Cecilia has been driven into announcing that she meant to marry Augustus! You were not there to engage her affections; Augustus was sighing verses to her; and to clinch the matter my cousin Charles behaved in the most tyrannical fashion, forbidding her to think of Augustus, and fairly ordering her to marry you! I assure you, it would have been wonderful indeed if she had not made up her mind to do no such thing!"

He rode in silence beside her for some moments, frowning between his horse's ears.

"What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I seem to be wholly in your hands!"

"Withdraw your suit!" said Sophy. "Call in Berkeley Square this afternoon and request the favor of a few minutes alone with Cecilia. When you see her—"

"I shall not see her. She will desert herself!" he said bitterly.

"She will see you, because I shall tell her she owes it to you to do so. When you see her, you will assure her that you have no desire to distress her, that you will never mention the matter again to her. You will be excessively noble, and if you can convey to her also the sense of your heart being broken, however well you contrive to conceal it, so much the better!"

"I am strongly of the opinion that



Major Quinton grossly understated the case," said his lordship, with feeling.

"Very likely. Gentlemen can never see when a little duplicity is needed. You, I have no doubt, if I left you to your own devices, would storm and rant at Cecilia, so that all would end in a quarrel, and you would find it quite impossible to visit the house, even! But if she knows that you will not enact her tragedies she will be perfectly pleased to see you as often as you care to come to Berkeley Square."

"If you imagine that I'll play the love-lorn minor in the hope of arousing pity in Cecilia you were never more at fault! As well be a lap-dog!"

"Much better," said Sophy. "You will visit in Berkeley Square to see me. You cannot too suddenly seem to transfer your interest in my direction, of course, but it would be an excellent start if you were to find an opportunity of telling Cecilia to-day how droll and entertaining you think me."

"Do you know," he said seriously, "you are the most startling female I have seen in my life. I do not say good or ill fortune, for I haven't the smallest notion which it will prove to be."

She laughed. They had reached the Stanhope Gate again, and she turned in, holding out her hand. "I must go now. Pray don't be afraid of me! I never do people any harm indeed I don't! Good-bye! At about four o'clock, mind!"

She reached Berkeley Square to find the house in a state of considerable uneasiness. Lord Ombersley, informed by his wife of Cecilia's over-enthusiastic announcement, having flown into a passion of exasperation at the lady's ingratitude, and selfishness of

daughters; and Hubert and Theodore between them having chosen this singularly inappropriate moment to allow Jacko to escape from the schoolroom.

Sophy was met on her arrival by various distracted persons, who lost no time in pouring their woes or grievances into her ears. Cecilia wanted to carry her off instantly to the seclusion of her bedchamber; Miss Adderbury wished to explain that she had repeatedly warned Mr. Hubert not to excite the monkey; Theodore desired to impress upon everyone that it had all been Hubert's fault; Hubert demanded that she should help him to recover the monkey before its escape came to Charles' ears.

Meanwhile, Dasset, having observed with disfavor the enthusiasm with which both footmen entered into the chase, delivered himself of an icily civil monologue the gist of which seemed to be that Wild Animals roaming at large in a Nobleman's Residence were not what he had been accustomed to.

"What a commotion!" exclaimed Sophy, amused.

Her voice, penetrating the shut library door, reached the sharp ears of Tina, who, during her absence from the house, had attached herself to Mr. Rivenhall. She at once demanded to be allowed to rejoin her mistress, and her insistence brought Mr. Rivenhall upon the scene, for he was obliged to open the door for her.

At the same moment Amabel, in the basement, gave a warning shriek, Jacko suddenly erupted into the hall from the nether regions, gibbered at the sight of Tina, and swarmed up the window curtains to a place of safety well out of anyone's reach.

Amabel then came storming up the basement-stairs closely followed by the housekeeper, who at once lodged a impassioned protest with Mr. Rivenhall. The dratted monkey, she said, had wantonly destroyed two of the best dish-cloths, and had scattered a bowl of raisins all over the kitchen-floor.

"If that infernal monkey cannot be controlled," said Mr. Rivenhall, "it must be got rid of."

Theodore, Gertrude, and Amabel at once burst into a spirited accusation against Hubert, who, they averred, had wantonly teased Jacko. Hubert, conscious of a rent coat-pocket, retired into the background, and Mr. Rivenhall, curtly commanding his juniors to be still and quiet,

walked forward to the window and held up his hand, saying calmly: "Come along!"

Jacko's reply to this, though voluble, was incomprehensible. His general attitude, however, was unco-operative, so that everyone was surprised when, upon Mr. Rivenhall's repeating his command, he descended cautiously, allowed himself to be seized, and clasped both skinny arms round Mr. Rivenhall's neck.

Unimpressed by this mark of affection, Mr. Rivenhall detached him, handed him over to Gertrude, and warned her not to permit him to escape again.

The school-room party then withdrew circumspectly, scarcely able to believe that their pet was not to be wrested from them; and Sophy, smiling warmly upon Mr. Rivenhall, said: "Thank you! There is some

"You need not be afraid that I don't know how to shoot," Sophy declared, aiming the pistol steadily at the startled Mr. Goldhanger.

magic in you which makes all animals trust you, I think. When I am most vexed with you I cannot but remember it!"

"The only magic, cousin, lay in not alarming an already frightened animal," he replied dumphily, and went back into the library, and shut the door.

"Phew!" uttered Hubert, emerging from the embrasure at the head of the basement-stairs. "Sophy, only look what that dashed brute has done to my new coat!"

"Give it to me! I'll mend it for you — and for heaven's sake, you wretched creature, don't kick up any more larks to-day!" said Sophy.

He grinned at her, stripped off the coat, and handed it to her. "What did happen last night?" he asked. "Don't know when I've seen my father in such a taking! Is Cecilia going to marry Fawnhope?"

"Ask her!" Sophy advised him. "I will have your coat ready for you in twenty minutes: come to my room then and you shall have it!"

She ran up the stairs and without waiting to change her riding-habit sat down by the window to repair the rent caused by Jacko's fury. She was a deft needlewoman, and had mended half the tear with her tiny stitches when Cecilia came to her room.

Cecilia was strongly of the opinion that Hubert might have found someone else to do his mending, and begged her to put it aside. This, however, Sophy refused to do, merely saying: "I can listen to you while

I work, you know. What a goose you were last night, Cecy!"

This brought Cecilia's chin up. She enunciated with great clarity: "I am betrothed to Augustus, and if I may not marry him I will marry no one!"

"I daresay, but to make such an announcement in the middle of a ball!"

"Sophy, I thought you would feel for me!"

It occurred to Sophy suddenly that the fewer people to sympathise with Cecilia the better it would be, so she kept her head bent over her work, and said lightly: "Well, and so I do, but I still think it was a ridiculous moment to choose for making such an announcement!"

Cecilia began to tell her again what provocation had been supplied by Charles; she agreed, but absently, and appeared to be more exercised with the set of Hubert's coat than with Cecilia's wrongs. She shook it out, smoothed the darn she had made, and, when Hubert came knocking at the door, cut Cecilia short to jump up and restore the garment to him.


The end of all this was that when, at four o'clock, Lord Charlbury sent up his card, with a request to see Miss Rivenhall, Cecilia, forced to accede to his wishes, found in him her only sympathiser.

One glance at her pale face and tragic mouth banished from his mind all notion of duplicity. He stepped quickly forward, took the hand so shrinkingly held out to him, and said in a deeply concerned

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Unexpected Guest

A short story complete on this page

MY family have a theory that everything happens to me. Only, they say, the funny thing about it is that it happens when they're not there. Well, I can't help that, can I?

Take that day last week. At breakfast-time they asked me what I was going to do with my day . . . actually what they said was, "What are you going to be up to?"

I told them I'd pop along on the bus to pay Aunt Edie a visit; hadn't seen the old dear for along time. We might have a snack of lunch somewhere together, and go window-shopping.

"You'll be back for tea, won't you?" they said—they do hate coming back to an empty house; and I said, oh, yes, I'd be back. And off they went to school.

I hurried up with my housework and then put on my new black suit and smart little beret.

It was getting on for twelve when I caught the bus. After about a twenty-minute ride I was about to ring the bell before my stop when, glancing out, whom should I see but Aunt Edie herself getting on a bus in front. It moved off, and was soon lost in the traffic.

I sat down again. What now? Go back home? While I was trying to make up my mind, the conductor came along to ask if I was going on.

"Yes," I said, "I think I will. How far do you go?"

"To the Cherry Tree," he said. Of course. We caught the Cherry Tree bus to go to Aunt Edie's; but I'd never been to the end of the route.

"I'll have a ticket to the Cherry Tree," I said, and settled down to look at unfamiliar roads and shops. Would there, I wondered, be a real cherry tree at the Cherry Tree terminus?

That was a disappointment, too. The terminus was a pub; it may once have been a country inn with a cherry tree in the garden, but there was no garden now, only a concreted car-park at the side of a red brick roadhouse. The only bit of green was farther down the road, where tall trees cast a shadow.

It looked cool and inviting down there. I'd been going to wait inside the bus for its return journey, but I began to walk towards the trees instead. To my surprise, I found there were fields beyond, and scattered houses, and the grey tower of a church set against more trees.

I walked on towards the church, and then had to move quickly on to the pavement as a car swished past me and stopped at the church door. There was another car, and then another. I caught the sheen of satin and a glimpse of carnations in buttonholes, and, in a third car, a flash of white. It was a wedding.

I stopped to watch. I was the only onlooker at the gate, but I admired enough for twenty—and there was plenty to admire.

You never saw such a jolly lot of people. And the women's dresses—what satins, what colors! Their blues and greens and pinks seemed



bluer and greener and pinker than anything I'd ever seen before.

The bride came last, slender and full of grace in billows of tulle, orange blossom circling the veil on her flaxen hair. She had two bridesmaids in blue; I couldn't quite see what their dresses were like, so I . . . yes, I went into the church.

I'd meant to slip into a pew at the back, but a short, round man stopped me with: "Friend of the bride or groom?"

I tried to explain that I was neither; but the organ began playing, and the little man didn't take any notice of what I was saying. He inserted me into a pew at the right side of the aisle, beamed at me like a moist sun, and sat down himself.

It was a short ceremony, but—I suppose I shouldn't say this about a service in church—it was a gay one. I don't mean they didn't behave; they were perfectly respectful. What I mean to say is they didn't seem to be the ordinary, everyday people that the rest of us are.

Tall and short, fat and thin, they all had something in common—including the bride—something which is difficult to describe. A sort of collective vitality—personality—call it what you like.

The organ burst into the "Wedding March," the young couple came down the aisle, and the guests streamed after them. I waited in my pew for a few minutes: I didn't want to get in the way. When I came out, the only people there were the short, round man and a woman who was even shorter and rounder than he was. A car drew up.

"We're the last of the party," said the short man, opening the door of the car. I told him that I didn't belong to the party, but his wife said I looked like a wedding guest, so what did it matter. I suppose it was my new hat and suit.

"You came to the wedding, so come along and drink the bride's health, m'dear," said the little woman, and I was hustled into the car before I could protest further.

It wasn't a long journey; within a minute or two we were stopping at an opening in a field. My new friends and I got out. Dan and Dot, they called each other. They led me across the field, and I began to stare around in surprise.

One usually had a reception in a house or a hall or a hotel. Here there were booths and side-shows, and in front of me a high, enormous tent. Dan and Dot took me inside, which was filled with long tables and chattering people. I was in a circus tent. The wedding was in a circus.

"Now we must find you somewhere to sit," said Dot, taking my arm. "It'll have to be over there at the end of the tent, but you'll get plenty to eat."

"And to drink," supplemented Dan, with a twinkle. "I'm in charge of the drinks. They'll be sending round beer and bubbly, but if you want a nip of something extra strong, I'll be at that table in the middle—the one with all the bottles."

I assured him I was practically a teetotaler, and he and Dot laughed and edged me through the crowd to the far side of the tent. They put me at the corner of a table next to a young man.

"Do talk to him," Dot whispered before leaving me. "He's a bit down—used to be sweet on the bride."

Well! I did my best. But there

"Have you never had a drink before?" I asked.

"Can't in our line of business." "Then—ought you to to-day? You said you had a show this afternoon. And if you do a trapeze act . . ."

"We're expected to drink the bride's health, aren't we?"

I wanted to talk to him seriously, to say something that would really help. But all I could think of was a silly tag like "there's better fish in the sea than ever came out of it." You couldn't talk like that to a boy teased up to the highest pitch of desperation.

They were coming round the tables now with wedding cake and gilt-topped champagne bottles. I suddenly thought of something.

"Back in a minute," I said to the boy, and slipped away. Dan was busy at the drinks buffet. I leaned over and spoke to him quickly. Had he that nip of something strong?

He raised one eyebrow and winked jovially, then poured out a glassful of liquid that had a smell of aniseed balls. Strong? It had a kick like a mule, he said.

Champagne and wedding cake had been served by the time I returned to my place. I poured Dan's mule-kick into the boy's glass and said, very casually, that this was the stuff for a thirst.

A call came from the top table for the bride's health to be toasted. The boy lifted his glass with the rest of us and drank, gasping a little. He finished the glass before putting it down.

Nothing very dramatic happened. I had some wedding cake; he sat gazing at his plate. Presently the party began to break up, and I murmured a good-bye.

I walked round the fair-ground for a time watching the attendants getting ready for the shows, then I went to look for Dan.

"You've got a good head for a near-teetotaler!" was his greeting when he saw me. I told him his drink had been for my thirsty neighbor.

He gave me a long, shrewd look and said my thirsty neighbor was now lying in his caravan dead to the world, with Dot looking after

"This drink's got the kick of a mule," said Dan with a broad smile, filling my glass.

him. The lad would never be fit for the afternoon show.

"We think he'd better be grounded for a month or two," added Dan, and as I said good-bye and thanked him for my unexpected treat, that shrewd look came into his eye again. Then we smiled at each other, shook hands, and I left.

I was in the house and had got tea ready by the time the others got home. Well, they asked, what had I been up to? How was Aunt Edie? I told them about Aunt Edie getting on the bus in front of mine. What had I done then—come back home?

No, I'd taken a ticket on to the Cherry Tree. What on earth for? Oh, just to see if there was a cherry tree at the Cherry Tree, and there wasn't. No, I hadn't come straight back home. Not at once. I'd gone to a wedding.

They stopped eating. A wedding? Whose?

I didn't know, I told them. I didn't know? But where was the wedding?

"In a circus," I said. "It was a lovely wedding, though it might have had an awful ending. I think I stopped a young man from committing suicide. He was in love with the bride, you see. But I made him drunk instead."

A familiar look came over their faces. "So you've been to a wedding in a circus, have you? And you saved somebody from suicide, did you?" they said. "I suppose you didn't bring us back some wedding cake, by any chance?"

I put down my teacup. "As a matter of fact, I did. They gave us such large slices, and as the young man I saved didn't touch his, I brought that back, too. If you open that paper napkin on the mantelpiece . . . mind the crumbs . . ."

They're still trying to think where I could possibly have got the wedding cake. You give them a perfectly reasonable explanation of a thing . . . but, as I said at the beginning, aren't families funny?

(Copyright)

By JANET DUNBAR

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

isn't much to talk about except the bride at a wedding. I sat there eating the excellent meal and I tried to make some headway with my silent neighbor. He was only about twenty; and I'd never seen anybody look so unhappy in all my life. I asked him what he did in the circus.

"Trapeze. Double act with Elsie. Finished now. She's married someone outside show business."

"Have you got another partner?"

He shook his head and muttered something about going solo now. Then he looked round and asked when was the champagne coming; he was thirsty. I'd noticed he hadn't touched any of the other drinks that had been served, and I said champagne wasn't exactly a thirst-quencher.

"I wouldn't know," he said. "I'm not an expert. Funny I should have my first drink at Elsie's wedding." His young voice was edged with misery. Real misery.

A night filled with music

By D. V. S. JACKSON

KAREN was the only passenger in the creaky little lift. She was impatient at its slowness, wanting it to hurry because it had taken her so long to get to this point.

The day was here; her chance had come. She was frightened a little, but it was time she started, she was sixteen and a half. She did not want to be old before she touched success.

The lift halted and she stepped out into the dim little hall with four doors leading off it. She picked out the door she wanted.

There was the sound of a piano beating out measures and the thump of feet from behind it.

She knocked. The piano stopped. The thumping stopped. Then the door was snatched open and a burst of warm sunlight splashed out at her, and she thought, suddenly, of a spotlight.

The man who opened the door stared at her. She smiled hesitantly, recognising him from pictures she had seen. This was Igor, who made dancers. He did not smile back.

"I'm Karen Mueller," she said nervously.

"Well . . ." he said, "Come, then."

He moved away from the door and she walked into a room that was all sunlight from the windows and the overhead skylight.

She was conscious of a group of dancing students lined up in a class position, standing loosely, distracted by her entry. "So?" said Igor.

"My ballet teacher wrote to you about me," she reminded him.

He shrugged wearily. "I see if I take you," he said. "Get dressed. In there."

The minute dressing-room was untidy, hung around with clothes on hooks and hangers. Overhead shelves spilled down possessions. Benches were loaded with boxes and luggage and shoes and umbrellas, and odd gear bulged from underneath.

There were two occupants in the tiny room, one a brassy blonde sitting on the only chair, smoking. She was dressed in black tights and her feet were stretched out before her, as if she were contemplating her pink satin toe shoes.

The other was a slim, tiny girl, with long fair hair tied in a horse-tail at the back with a black ribbon. This girl was sitting on a bench, putting on toe shoes.

She smiled at Karen. "Are you a new pupil?" she asked.

"If I'm accepted," Karen said, and introduced herself.

"I'm Alice," the girl said. "That's Joyce."

Joyce stared at Karen through the smoke of her cigarette.

Alice went back to wrapping lambs' wool around her feet. Karen could not help watching.

Her toes are too long, she thought. The big toe was already bent in sharply, and the nails were bruise-blackened. Alice was pleasant, but not young. Twenty-three, maybe.

Karen swung her bag up on a bench and began to change.

Alice said, wistfully, "You've got beautiful feet, Karen."

Karen looked down. They were dancers' feet, short, strong, with toes almost all the same length, steady as rocks for toe work.

" . . . and little," Alice said. "What size shoe do you take?"

"Toe shoes? Size three," Karen said.

"That's what I take," Alice said. Joyce got up abruptly and stalked out.

Karen turned back to Alice. "What kind of a teacher is Igor?" she asked.

"Wonderful, if you work hard," Alice said. "But he doesn't usually take beginners. Have you any stage experience?"

"No," Karen admitted, "but I've been taking ballet after school hours since I was eight. I'm finished with high school now and can really concentrate on my dancing."

"You look strong," Alice said, finishing the knot on her ribbons, " . . . and that helps a lot." She stood up. "I have to go now. He only sent me in to change my shoes. Igor's strict. No lingering in the dressing room. No coming in late. No doubling classes with other teachers. You know."

She opened the door. "Good luck," she said over her shoulder, and left.

Karen thought a moment of Igor. She had never had a man teacher, and it was strange to consider it. He did not look like a dancer; he was ordinary, except for his eyes. They were black and faceted, as if they wanted to hit out first. Remembering the eyes, Karen finished dressing hurriedly.

She was ignored when she came out of the dressing room, so she sat quietly on a bench near the piano and watched. It was pretty to see the class dancing in the sunlight. It was a double picture too, because the entire front wall of the studio was one immense mirror, making twins of everyone.

"You!" came a voice, commanding. "Warm up!"

"Me?" she asked, uncertain.

"You think I talk to the bench?"

So she warmed up in a corner, out of the way of the class, and remembered how she had pleaded to come here.

Please, dad, I only want to dance. I'll die if I can't. And dad saying how he had worked hard all his life to save money for her education, a doctor, a lawyer, anything she wanted.

Mum saying, she wants to dance, Karl, only to dance, and she needs her final training. Dad saying no child of his would run around half naked on a stage . . . that was for immoral people. Please, dad, please! Dad shaking his finger at mum and saying she gets it from your side. Mum getting mad and saying, because my sister was a concert singer? Your mother played the organ every Sunday in the church . . . and desperate, please, dad, please!

"You . . ." yelled Igor, adding, " . . . with the red hair," so this time there would be no doubt. He pointed to the centre of the floor.

She stepped out alone into the middle of the room. Karen thought, this was a new world, this was not kid stuff, but a desperate contest, a struggle for success. And this time, mum could not plead for her. It was herself, all alone.

Igor pulled a chair to the front of the room, by the mirror, and sat upon it backward, facing her. "Now," he said, "we see if you have two left feet."

During a class lesson, Igor walked restlessly around, circling the students, with a stick carried behind his back like a tail hanging down.

"Long lines," he would keep saying. "You dance like crabs!" Then, impatiently, "Straight the knee!" Sometimes he would warn them twice, if he were in a good mood. After that he used the stick, hard.

The first week, Karen went home every night with welts on her legs and resentment inside.

But then she noticed the new sharpness in her dancing, a clarity the other teachers had never given her, and she forgave the stick, but always hated it and never overcame ducking whenever she heard a swish.



The mirror reflected the classroom, while Karen's eyes were on Igor sitting beside it. "Now," he said, "we see if you have two left feet."

"Ha!" Igor would shout, as she dodged, "guilty conscience!"

He was almost unbearably strict, but Karen knew why very soon. There was a spirit in the studio, the last lingering light of a great bright star called Eksterina Constantinova.

The great ballerina had been dead even before Karen was born. The Constantinova who had been Igor's mother.

When she found that out, Karen understood why Igor had a sort of scorn to his teaching, as if he knew they could never hope to be like Constantinova, and held it against

them because not even a bit of the star-dust sparkled on their heads.

And they, feeling it dumbly, strove impossibly for what they could not reach, knowing that grand failure was a kind of success.

The great ballerina had been dead a long time, yet in the class they talked of her as if she still existed. It was Alice who resembled Constantinova, they all agreed.

Joyce went further, adding, "She's the pet. She'll get the best because she looks like Constantinova. Us poor girls will have to make our own

breaks. I'll make mine, don't worry." Joyce always showed her teeth when she smiled; you were never sure it was a smile.

Karen hated to agree with Joyce, but the favoritism seemed so plain. For Alice there was always praise—for her lightness, her delicacy of motion, the beautiful poise. If Alice slowed down or looked tired, she was told to rest awhile.

Karen tried very hard to catch up to Alice, to make up for her immaturity by work. She would skip eating at lunchtime, so she could practise by herself in the empty



studio, watching in the mirror, criticizing, trying steps again and again.

The world would fade away and she would be whichever favorite ballerina she had seen last.

One day, suddenly, she saw Igor standing in the door of his office, watching. She stopped abruptly, startled, embarrassed.

"You have it wrong," he said, instead of scolding. "Look, I show you."

After that, he watched her often. They had visitors to the studio very often, friends of Igor's mostly, sometimes men who wanted dancers for a show. Always Alice was asked to dance, because Igor liked to show her off, but never Karen. Never Joyce.

Joyce did not seem to care; she stared unsmiling, like a tigress waiting. Some day she would leap, Karen knew, with her claws all spread, but not over a few steps in a class.

Karen tried hard to be as patient, but she was nearly seventeen. It was harder to stand aside and wait.

One day a certain man came. He

had visited before and Igor always treated him like royalty.

This time, they talked Russian in a corner, and the man seemed to be asking a favor and giving specifications all at once.

When they stopped the secret conversation, Igor said, in English, "Now I show you my children." Three girls danced, and inevitably it was, "Alice . . . come."

He won't ask me to dance, Karen thought angrily, but he can't stop me from practising. And she did turns.

Turns are like circus stunts, if the dancer wants them to be. Fireworks broke out in the corner as Karen did "grand fouettes."

The students ducked in all directions to avoid her flying foot. Her hair lashed out in a red cloud, and the gold cross she always wore sprang out the length of its chain.

"Karen!" she heard Igor bellow. She stopped, clean, no staggering or imbalance, and put her feet in a demure fifth position, to show off her perfect balance.

Igor's eyes were black. "You go home now," he said. "You go home!"

"This one, too," the man said.

"No," Igor said. "She is the baby."

"The redhead too," the man insisted.

Igor yelled out some fast Russian, and Karen lingered, trying to understand. Igor suddenly cracked her hard across the rear, and she squealed and leaped for the dressing room.

It was wintry daylight when she came out into the street, and bitter cold. She did not dare go home so early to be questioned, so she wandered along Fifth Avenue.

She no longer felt confident. In the studio, she thought she must fight to get ahead, claw her way—but now she was uncertain. Uncertainty led to fright, that maybe she was not as good a dancer as she thought she was, as she wanted to be.

If she only knew, if there was only a sign, she could do anything, stand anything, if only in her heart she was sure. Of course she would be a

dancer, of course she would be on the stage.

She began the old game of what she would call herself. Not Mueller, that was not a dancer's name. Something else, clear and simple, that would look good in lights. She favored Griffin, because it had the tang of antiquity to it.

A griffin was a fabulous animal, and she would be a fabulous dancer; maybe as great as Constantinova—and then, discouraged, she put her daydreaming away.

She was stiff with cold, but it was still too early to go home. She decided to look in at some of the classes other teachers held.

Nobody minded if strangers looked on, for often they were students searching for a new teacher. It would kill time and she would be out of the cold.

The train was slow the next morning and she was late. She opened the door quietly, hoping to sneak in, but it was as if Igor was waiting for her. He stopped the class and pounced.



"Miss Mueller," he said. He bowed extravagantly. "Very nice you come." He straightened up and his face was cruel. "Now you turn around and go out again." He pointed. "Go!"

"Go where?" she asked, bewildered.

"Didn't you pick out yesterday?" he demanded. He named the studios where she had been, the classes she had watched, backing her out into the hall as he moved towards her.

He slammed the door with fury, and left her standing in the dark hall.

She walked about in Central Park all morning in the cold.

At lunchtime, her feet carried her back to the studio. It would be

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Continuing . . . A Night Filled With Music

from page 9

empty; Igor would be alone. She went in, and the door to his office was closed now, tightly. She swallowed and knocked softly.

"Come in," he said, as if he was tired.

She pushed the door open. He was sitting at his desk, writing, and all around the small room were framed pictures of dancers. He looked up.

"I didn't do anything yesterday," she said hurriedly. "I only went to those classes to get out of the cold. I didn't even talk to anybody."

He put his pen on the desk and pushed back his chair.

"I didn't know you'd be mad," she said. "I didn't even think you'd ever find out where I was."

"Find out!" he exclaimed. "After I brag about you to everybody? They rush right to a phone to tell me you look for a new class. It is like you put a knife in my back."

She had never thought of any emotion but anger in Igor; never expected anything but sarcasm.

"I'm sorry," she said awkwardly.

He turned a little and looked up at a picture. Of a girl in a long, old-fashioned classic skirt. "You think she learned in one day, like you want?" he asked.

"Is that . . . is that . . ."

"Yes," he said, turning back to Karen. "That is Constantina."

"My mother saw her dance once," Karen said. "Before I was born. My mother said it was in Paris. She went to visit my aunt, and they went to the ballet. My mother said she only saw Constantina that once, and . . . she never forgot."

"That was a little before she died maybe," Igor said. "She was all tired then. My mother was brave, but she had a hard life. When the revolution came in Russia, they shot my father, and we ran away. I was only eleven, no help, only a worry. We got to Riga, then to France. She danced there. She died there. He stopped abruptly, as if he did not want to talk about it any more."

The door to the studio from the hall slammed. The students were coming in for the next class. Igor called for Alice and Joyce to come in; and then he told the three that the man who had come to the studio the day before had a ballet troupe, a good one. He needed a soloist.

Three of them were picked to do a variation during a ballet; that was the way the man worked. He wanted to see them before an audience, but in a small part so they could not do too much damage. Then the best of the three would do a very little solo near the end of the ballet,

and be picked to stay with the troupe.

Alice glowed all over. This was why she had left a good corps de ballet job to take more training, to fit herself for a soloist's place. Joyce said nothing. Nor did Karen.

Alice asked when, and Igor told them, and something inside Karen hopped all around. Maybe it was her heart. Because the date was her seventeenth birthday. And to do the solo was the gift she wanted most, the gift she would give to herself!

The time went very fast; learning the steps was a joy. The day came, and they were dismissed before lunch to go home and rest before the performance.

There would be no birthday meals to-day, Karen thought, because she would not eat much before she danced, but it was worth losing her seventeenth birthday.

Mum and dad felt bad, but to Karen it was nothing, com-

A joke no longer

FIFTY years ago the sportswoman was a favorite butt of cartoonists and comic writers.

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You can read about the feats of these and other outstanding sportswomen in A.M. for February, now on sale.

pared with to-night. To-night! Karen dressed faster than the others, and went ahead of them into the hall. She pressed the lift button.

And then Igor was beside her, "Karen," he said. "I have to tell you, do not be disappointed."

"I won't be afraid," she said. "I've been in recitals."

"I know, I know," he said, and took her arm. "What I mean to say is, this place is for Alice. You understand? You know what I mean?" he asked anxiously.

"I know," she said, and all the things Joyce said came back. He doesn't want me to do my best and win over his pet. He doesn't want me to do my best. It was—betrayal.

"I understand," she said, and pulled her arm away from him with a jerk. The lift

opened its door and she stepped in.

"Karen?" he said.

She would not turn around until the lift was creaking down. She felt cold and hard inside, like Joyce looked sometimes.

Alice went first up the narrow iron stairs to the stage level, Joyce was second, and Karen came up last, warily, seeing her enemies before her. Their long, white, tulle skirts filled up all the space in the stairway, like clouds floating upward.

Karen thought of the stage then. She had practised on it before the empty seats and knew every crack and splinter, every unevenness.

It was a wicked stage. It had a sharp slope built into it, so that it slid down toward the orchestra pit. It was made to display singers and cripple dancers. When you turned, you had to pull back sharply or lose your balance.

It would be so easy to misjudge . . . she left that thought precipitately. She would be all right.

There was turmoil around the stage when they approached from the wings, people dragging things, a man ordering other people. Karen dug her feet in a box of resin.

Then she heard music beyond the curtain. And suddenly, it hit her hard. She had to go out on that stage and dance in front of people!

Her mouth went dry. Frantically, she tried to recall her steps to reassure herself. She could not remember; it was like it was in high school, before she took her finals.

She felt hot, then cold; next, she began to sweat. She was cold all over and she felt sick.

The ice-cream and cake, she thought. Mum had insisted on that at lunch, the semblance of a birthday party, so she would not miss everything, and now the rich cake and the ice-cream and the sweets were battling inside.

She saw Igor and looked away, but he came over to her anyway. He ran a finger across her collarbone and looked at it, gleaming wet.

"Nerves," he said. "Good. You learn respect for the audience."

He put his arm around her waist and gave her a pat on the hip. "Karen, baby," he said, "take care of Alice for me, yes?"

He gave her another quick pat and went over to Alice.

Then they took their positions on the stage. The extra people all dashed off. The three of them posed like statues, with blank faces.

It was a white ballet. There were twelve other dancers on the stage, but Karen felt all alone.

The curtain rose slowly,

smoothly. It was too late to run now. The music would be louder with the barrier gone. The footlights were small and blinding.

Karen could see nothing but the dancers at the head of the stage, blacked into bouffantes. But beyond that was the audience. There was no noise, but they were breathing and watching, and mum and dad among them.

The unheard sound of the people breathing passed rising and falling, until a Karen understood it was her own heart, the blood singing in her ears.

She tried desperately to remember the music, the music her cue, but she could not.

There was a slight hesitation in the music. It was waiting for no reason at all, and responding to a stimulus she did not recognise she jumped on her toes, and then it came back.

And when they were at again, being statues, after what they had danced, her cue was gone, and she could not beyond the lights, like pieces of the audience.

A flash of light on glasses. The red "Exit" sign. Hear a cough up in the cony.

Beside her, Alice nipped little.

"What's the matter?" Karen asked, barely moving her head.

"I think I have a grain in my foot," Alice said. "It it against some scenery."

"When Joyce comes you?" Karen had seen it.

"If she tries to make me move faster than the music again," Karen advised, "back at her. She'll be away."

Alice's arm touched Karen and she was trembling. Karen looked down. One of Alice's pink toe shoes was spinning with red stains.

Her fluffy skirt prevented her from seeing her own feet. Karen thought, which was lucky. She remembered the time Alice had cut her finger and fainted.

"They're fine," Karen said.

"Just keep your head up," Alice's face was white under the make-up.

Karen turned her head slowly in the other direction and looked out of the corner of her eye. Joyce was smiling a little, the way she had.

"Leave her alone," Karen said.

"You're next," Joyce said.

It was like two figures meeting head-on in a place where there was only room for one.

Yet when they moved a little on the stage, Joyce still pushed Alice. Karen watched helplessly as Joyce danced brilliantly, dancing, imperceptibly not giving Alice enough room, or crowding her so she landed off-balance. Alice was all nerves.

To page 30

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



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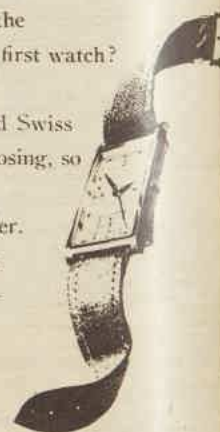


A good start in life

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Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS  OF SWITZERLAND

The Queen never goes shopping

Message by telephone brings dressmakers to the Palace

The fun of shopping in London's big stores or visiting model displays in the more intimate salons with a friend is not for Queen Elizabeth, the first lady of the land.

If the Queen wants to choose some clothes or hats, shoes or lingerie, she tells her lady-in-waiting the type of thing she wishes to see.

It may be "something for a holiday wear at Balmoral," or, more usually, "for the State reception to the President," or "that charity ball I'm attending," or even "another daytime outfit I can wear outdoors in cold platforms this winter."

The message is passed over the telephone and the vendor arrives by afternoon appointment to find the Queen waiting in her sitting-room.

Norman Hartnell makes many of the Queen's gowns, while some of her hats and coats come from the elegant establishment of Hardy Amies.

The dressmaker will appear with a sheaf of sketches of clothes suitable for the occasion which the Queen has indicated, and watches of fabrics, perhaps bringing a couple of his mannequins, too, to display some special models from his season's collection so that the Queen can get a better idea of the latest fashion lines and colors.

Before the clothes are finished they will be sent to the Palace—again in the afternoon—so that the Queen may have a fitting in her bedroom.

Then she usually phones her husband, if he is at home, and the Duke comes along to see the outfit and pass his comments.

The Queen sets much store by her husband's opinion of her clothes.

It was at his suggestion that she first began to dress in darker colors for daytime, including the deep rich greens and reds which, she has discovered, suit her extremely well.

Likes yellow

THE Queen's favorite clothes colors are yellow and every shade of light or medium blue, although she can never be persuaded into the darker blues, which, she insists, are "too depressing to my skin and hair."

The milliners, headed by Miss Tharup, bring selections of their latest models to the Palace for the Queen to try on in her sitting-room, again often with her husband present to help her choice.

The shoemaker, Edward Rayne, comes, too, in response to a Royal command by telephone.

A woman director and fitter comes from the Bond Street firm which provides the Queen's pale peach or apricot

satin underwear and wrappers, her quilted velvet housecoats with matching slippers, her exquisitely hand-embroidered nightgowns and slips.

Senior saleswomen from two famous London stores, one in Piccadilly and one in Knightsbridge, bring scarves and gloves and any other accessories to the Palace, and often selections of other goods when the Queen wants to choose a present for somebody.

Luncheon guests

SOMETIMES the Queen's last morning audience is given to an individual who is regarded also as a friend—perhaps an admiral with whom the Duke of Edinburgh served during his naval days.

Perhaps the visitor is an elderly statesman whom the Queen has known since her childhood, or a titled woman who heads one of the charities to which the Queen gives her patronage.

Then this visitor will be invited to remain to lunch, and

By MARGARET SAVILLE

at one o'clock accompany the Queen upstairs and along the corridor to the private dining-room at the end.

Here the Duke of Edinburgh will be waiting, after his own morning's work at his desk, to pour out the sherry which the steward brings to him and to act as the Queen's host.

For lunch the table is usually laid with place mats in finest embroidered cream Irish linen or pale green organdie appliqued in white. Old heirloom silver is used, and there is a single low crystal bowl of flowers for centrepiece.

Everything is completely informal here, two menservants serving the three courses which they bring in antique silver dishes from behind the dark leather screen in the corner.

This disguises the door to the pantry, where the food is kept hot on an electric plate after its long journey by automatic electric trolley from the underground kitchens, which are at the other end of the great building.

The Queen has quite simple tastes in food. In common with her husband she dislikes soup, but enjoys fruit or a slice of melon or a small hors d'oeuvre, followed by fish or chicken, or roast or grilled meat.

She is very fond of lamb and peas, of omelettes, and of game, particularly partridge, but usually refuses potatoes in favor of a small green salad.

For dessert the Queen would always choose ice-cream or a slice of chocolate gâteau, but, for her figure's sake, she

● This is the second excerpt from Margaret Saville's book, "Our Queen," in which the author tells how Queen Elizabeth, the world's busiest woman, selects her large and lovely wardrobe.

often eschews these and eats a little fresh fruit instead.

In accordance with Court etiquette, the Queen and her guests are never served. A footman offers each dish to the Queen, who helps herself, and then he continues round the table in order of precedence.

Coffee comes to the table on the tray and is placed before the Queen, who pours it out. As the cups are filled she invites her companions to smoke, although she never does herself.

And even in her dining-room the telephone stands at the Queen's elbow with its pad and pencil, in case she is required to answer an urgent call.

After lunch the Queen may have to fulfil some public engagement outside the Palace, graciously performing yet another Royal task that may be anything from visiting a hospital to inspecting an exhibition, presenting medals to cadets, opening a new road, or attending a church service.

Big glove bill

BEFORE leaving for this engagement she goes to her room to change once more, putting on a small off-the-face hat so that people can see her properly, and a clean pair of gloves, which will probably be sadly soiled when she returns after shaking scores of hands.

The Queen's bill for gloves is one of the heaviest items of her personal expenditure!

Joined by her lady-in-waiting, the Queen goes down to the ground floor in the creaking, old-fashioned hydraulic lift operated by a footman, and out through the garden door to where her car is waiting.

This will probably be the big dark blue Rolls Royce limousine, with its seats placed specially forward in full view of the extra wide windows so that everybody can see the Queen as she rides past.

A beautiful silver model of St. George and the dragon stands on the radiator as mas-



BEAUTIFUL FROCK of white self-spotted organza worn by the Queen as she receives guests at a Buckingham Palace garden party, assisted by her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. Her small hat and accessories are all white.

cot and holder for the miniature silken Royal Standard.

There is no number plate: this is the only car in Britain that does not need to carry one.

Since this is an official occasion, the Scotland Yard detective who accompanies the Queen as personal guard every time she goes out has taken his seat in front beside the chauffeur—probably Mr. W. Chivers—who has driven the Queen for several years.

A Londoner in his thirties, Mr. Chivers is always regarded with great admiration by the mechanically minded Prince Charles, who is sometimes taken round to the Palace garages to sit solemnly behind the wheel of his mother's car and "make it go," or watch in rapt fascination while Mr. Chivers services the engine or superintends the washing-down.

If there are no outside en-

gagements during the afternoon the Queen returns to her study again.

She may have more audiences to give or some documents to study, since she requires to be on at least "nodding" terms with all the diverse matters brought to her attention.

Now she reads "The Times" and various Government leaflets and publications, and peruses Hansard's record of the previous day's proceedings in Parliament.

Writes letters

SHE writes a few personal letters to relatives and friends and telephones others, and also manages to find time for all those feminine concerns that occupy every woman, be she commoner or Queen.

Some days the Queen must accord an afternoon appointment to a celebrated painter, sitting for a formal portrait,

or to a photographer, which may mean changing all her clothes yet again.

Such sessions generally take place in the Indian Room, where the light from the enormous windows is extremely clear.

In accordance with Court etiquette, the lady-in-waiting is present all the time and may read a book aloud or play some of the Queen's favorite gramophone records during the sitting.

One afternoon a week the Queen has her hair shampooed and set in her bedroom by the elderly Mr. Henry, who comes from an exclusive salon in Belgravia and has attended the Queen, her mother, and her sister for many years.

Also in attendance is Miss Betty to give the Queen a manicure while she is sitting under the drier.

NEXT WEEK: Evening at the Palace.

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Oil refinery at Botany Bay



ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Rex Springer, of Kurnell, N.S.W., reads the inscription on the Captain Cook Monument, commemorating the British landing in 1770.



"DOC." JONES and his horse, Mary, constitute the Kurnell "taxi" service because the roads are in such bad condition a car would be ruined driving over them. The passenger is local lad Terry Farrell.

Cook landed on spot near new plant site

A £25,000,000 oil refinery will be built at Kurnell, on the shores of Botany Bay, New South Wales, close to where Captain Cook made his historic landing in 1770.

KURNELL is a tiny village on Cape Solander, the southern arm of the bay.

It is a collection of about 50 or 60 small week-end type of cottages, many of which look neglected.

Many of the 300 inhabitants are holiday-makers or week-enders, but a number of retired people live in this peaceful backwater.

At present the only access to Kurnell is by launch across the mouth of Botany Bay from La Perouse, or from Cronulla over a rough bush track that at all times is hard to negotiate.

In bad weather the launch cannot run because the shallow bay gets very rough.

There is a little local school, but children over 11 have to go to Cronulla, seven miles away.

Those over 11 mostly live away from home and return for week-ends.

Long job

THE oil refinery, which will be built by the Australian Oil Refinery Ltd., whose main shareholder is the American oil combine Caltex Oil (Am.) Pty. Ltd., will take nearly four years to complete.

Two thousand men will be employed on the job.

Every type of by-product of oil will be produced. A staff of 600 will be required.

When completed, 1,000,000 gallons of oil will be refined in a day, and when in full production, a year later, the output will rise to 2,000,000 gallons.

When I went to Kurnell I was driven part of the way across the sandy scrub from Cronulla in a big limousine

belonging to the oil company, and I was accompanied by an executive officer of the firm.

Talking in millions all the time, the spokesman told me that the refinery might cost as much as £40,000,000 by the time it is finished.

We negotiated the shocking road through creeks and along the muddy shores of the bay until we came to some sandhills in which several trucks were bogged.

Local resident George Blundell gave us a lift in his four-wheel drive truck, after he had pulled the other trucks out.

"The oil refinery will mean a lot to us," Mr. Blundell said. "When the road is through we will have proper contact with the outside world, and transport will be much easier."

He introduced me to his wife, Jessie, who runs the tea rooms and milk bar.

Mrs. Blundell said the opening-up of the area will bring more visitors to the Captain Cook Reserve.

Australian Oil Refinery has asked the Sutherland Shire Council to build a first-class macadam road for the seven miles from Cronulla to the refinery for which the company will pay £150,000.

The site is west of the Captain Cook Reserve.

President of the Kurnell Community Progress Association, Mr. James W. Mackrell, told me he had been working for five years to get a good road to Kurnell.

"We have just finished building a beautiful new civic hall, and now the coming of the oil refinery will mean lots of people will come out here



PRESIDENT of the Kurnell Community Progress Association, Mr. James W. Mackrell (left), talks about the new road with vice-president Mr. Jim Leigh, J.P. Both are over 70, retired, and permanent residents.

and the old place will go ahead," he grinned happily.

Elderly postmistress Mrs. Jane Cox said: "The refinery will really put us on the map."

"We have sometimes been for five days without bread when the weather is too bad for the launch to run and the tide and sand block the road," she added.

Mrs. Cox, who has lived in Kurnell for 40 years, said that a road had been promised for the past 30 years.

Her granddaughter, Joyce Morgan, told me she liked living at Kurnell, but the new road would mean a lot to the young folk of the community.

I was introduced to American engineer Charles Nichols, vanguard of the men who will build the refinery and wharf.

It will be a 2000ft. wharf built out into the bay. A 600ft. wide channel will be dredged so that 32,000-ton overseas tankers can come alongside.

The only two residents who did not want the oil refinery were a couple of gnarled old fishermen.

"Even if they don't pump oil into the bay, all that water used for cooling will spoil our fishing," the older one said.

Chairman of the Cumberland County Council, Mr. R. S. Luke, said his council had not approved the site.

Mr. O. H. Wyndham, president of the National Trust of Australia, N.S.W. Division, said that his trust was opposed to the building of the refinery at Kurnell because this area should be sacrosanct to Australia.

"I'd like to see the Americans giving permission for an oil refinery to be built on the Pilgrims' Rock," he said.

Danger of sludge

MR. WYNDHAM said that no matter what assurances the company gave that no oil sludge would come from the refinery, experience from U.K. and U.S.A. revealed that all refineries gave off a sludge of some kind.

"The company has offered to pump the sludge in pipes out to sea, but the current will bring it in and not only pollute Botany Bay but all the adjacent ocean beaches," he said.

When I asked the oil company official about the oil sludge, he shook his head.

"There'll be no oil sludge, modern refinery methods take care of that," he said. "All that will be going into the bay will be hot water used to cool the machines."



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OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: (L. to r.) Bluemantle, Mr. J. A. Frere; Windsor Herald, Mr. R. P. Graham-Vivian; Richmond Herald, Mr. A. R. Wagner; York Herald, Mr. A. J. Toppin; Clarenceux King of Arms, Sir Arthur W. S. Cochrane; Garter King of Arms, the Hon. Sir George Bellew; the Earl Marshal of England, the

Duke of Norfolk; Portcullis, the Master of Sinclair; Norroy and Ulster King of Arms, Sir Gerald Wollaston; Rouge Dragon, Mr. R. Mirrlees; Lancaster Herald, Mr. A. G. B. Russell; Chester Herald, Mr. J. D. Heaton-Armstrong; Rouge Croix, Mr. J. R. Broadhead Walker; and Somerset Herald, Major M. R. Trappes-Lomax.

They play big role at Coronation

Of all Britain's many traditional and historic pageants, none are more impressive than the great State ceremonies in which the officers of the College of Arms take part. These ceremonies are the only occasions on which the officers wear their picturesque mediaeval uniforms of richly colored tabards or coats emblazoned with heraldic designs.

MOST solemn and sacred of the State ceremonies is the Coronation, in which the College of Arms plays a most important role.

The Earl Marshal of England, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., as England's premier duke is head of the college and is the official who has the responsibility of arranging and organising all great State ceremonies, including the Coronation.

Members of the College of Arms assist him and are immediately responsible to him.

The College is a corporation of 13 members whose history as heralds of the Royal Household goes back to the thirteenth century and whose heraldic titles still denote their duties of mediaeval days.

Then the heralds were officers who proclaimed and conducted tournaments and jousts and as such were familiar with the arms of the knights and nobles taking part. They became experts in recognising arms and armorial bearings and later had the power to devise and grant new arms.

Members of the College are three Kings of Arms, Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy and Ulster; six Heralds, Lancaster, Chester, York, Richmond, Windsor, and Somerset; and four Pursuivants, Rouge Croix, Bluemantle, Portcullis, and Rouge Dragon.

They are appointed by the Crown by Letters Patent under the Great Seal on the nomination of the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal of England.

As the Richmond Herald, Anthony Richard Wagner, explains in "The Records and Collections of the College of Arms," certain functions are vested in the corporation or Chapter of the College, others in the Kings of Arms, others in all the officers individually, and some supervisory functions in the Earl Marshal.

For months before the date fixed by Queen Elizabeth for the ceremony, the Earl Marshal has been busy with preparations and decisions connected with it.

He presides at the Court of Claims, which adjudicates on claims to take part in the Coronation ceremony put forward by people who believe they have the hereditary right to do so.

He must also settle such details as the allocation of stations and seats within Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony takes place.

Because of their high status, the Earl Marshal and all members of the College walk in the Coronation procession. The Earl Marshal is assisted by Garter, the Principal King of Arms, in organising and marshalling the procession.

He is responsible for guiding, but not for performing, the ceremonial.

Another important duty which the College of Arms performs is the proclamation of a new Sovereign. Wearing their splendid regalia, the members of the College make the proclamation at four points in London—St. James' Palace, Charing Cross, Temple Bar, and the Royal Exchange.



THE EARL MARSHAL OF ENGLAND, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., head of the College of Arms.



CLARENCEUX KING OF ARMS, Sir Arthur William Stewart Cochrane. The College of Arms consists of thirteen officers.



FOUR OF THE SIX HERALDS. (L. to r.) Richmond, Mr. Anthony R. Wagner; Lancaster, Mr. A. G. Blomfield Russell, C.V.O.; Chester, Mr. J. D. Heaton-Armstrong, M.F.O.; and Windsor, Mr. R. P. Graham-Vivian, M.C. Their tabards or coats are embroidered with heraldic arms in glowing colors.



CROIX ROUGE PURSUIVANT, Mr. John Riddell Bromhead Walker, M.C., with Somerset Herald, Major M. R. Trappes-Lomax, and York Herald, Mr. Aubrey John Toppin, M.F.O. The Earl Marshal and the entire College of Arms walk in Coronation processions.



BLUEMANTLE PURSUIVANT, Mr. James Arnold Friess; Clarenceux King of Arms, Sir Arthur Cochrane; Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, Mr. Robin Mireless; and Portcullis Pursuivant, the Master of Sinclair. There are three Kings of Arms, Garter, Clarenceux,

and Norroy and Ulster, and four Pursuivants among the officers of the College of Arms, who are all members of the Royal Household. Their duties and their titles date back to the 13th century.

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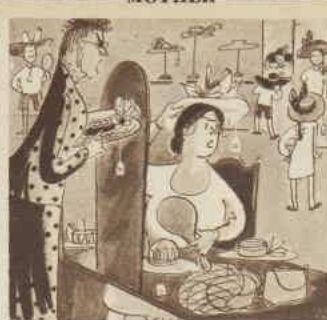
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MOTHER



"For two pins, I'll make you wear them."

BUTCH



"This's embarrassin'. Would ya mind not mentionin' it, sir, when you report the burglary?"

It seems to me

AT the recent Paris dress shows Pierre Balmain featured what was described as "an amusing slit pocket at the back, just large enough to hold a newspaper."

It strikes me as a jolly good idea. When you're coming home at night, laden to plimsoll with provisions, a special pocket for the evening editions would come in handy.

Dresses with side pockets have been fashionable for a season or so, and very useful they are too.

They have certain hazards.

I plunged a dress into soapsuds the other night forgetting that in its pocket was a vanilla slice and a cake of chocolate for the evening meal's dessert.

But such little accidents are compensated by the advantage of pockets. When short of matches, cigarettes, or small change, a systematic clean out of all the pockets in the wardrobe usually brings results.

If the designers are looking for some more ideas, why not mesh panniers—sort of built-in string bags? Filled with fruit and groceries they could look very amusing indeed.

THE Premier of Queensland, Mr. Gair, has remarked on the unsuitability of February as a time for the Royal visit to the north.

It's a valid comment since February, as well as being very hot in Queensland, is often the month of floods and cyclones.

However, Mr. Menzies pointed out that it is often extremely hot in other parts of Australia in February. He mentioned other factors governing the Royal Tour, including the item that it has to finish before the Federal election campaign begins.

He did not add, but could have, that an election campaign in full swing might prove even more oppressive to Royal visitors than the Australian summer climate.

And how embarrassing if politicians, in their welcoming speeches, were unable to resist the temptation of a teeny-weeny plug for the party!

BURIED away in an obscure corner of one of the papers the other day was a piece of news calculated to make a woman think deeply.

A hairdresser, formerly president of the Dutch branch of the Parisian Hairdressers' Association, was expelled because he said that no woman's hair should be cut shorter than five inches from the scalp.

Frederick Lewis Allen, in his book "Only Yesterday," an informal history of the nineteen-twenties in America, remarks that it is difficult for those who do not remember it to realise the tremendous family storms that were caused when women first bobbed their hair. All over the country, he recalls, young women were sweeping their hats off and saying defiantly to enraged menfolk, "Well?"

It looks as if the Dutch hairdresser still feels that those angry men were right, but it is a little late to make a martyr of himself.



Dorothy Drain

ANY suggestion of tax reduction has an appeal, and there's something to be said for the idea of a lawyer who wants allowance made for the depreciation of human body and brain.

He claims that depreciation is allowed on machinery, and therefore why not on the physical and mental machinery of a professional man?

There is, of course, a touchy point to be decided. At what age might this deterioration begin? Paying income tax is unpleasant, but perhaps not so unpleasant as admitting that the time has come to claim depreciation allowance.

Women, in particular, would resent the implied slur of writing themselves off year by year. Not that men would like it much, either. The tax people are probably pretty safe from that claim.

HEART specialist Paul D. White, of Boston, plans to record the heartbeats of a 50-foot grey whale. He will use electrodes mounted in the head of a harpoon and connected by wires to a cardiograph in his boat.

*It makes one think of the tale
Of the sore throat of a giraffe,
For a cardiograph of a whale
Is a whale of a cardiograph.*

AN English doctor says that beer-drinkers will fare best in atomic bombings. He bases this on the fact that a stock of canned beer survived the Monte Bello explosion.

Thinking it over, would it be practical to obtain a suit of armor as well as a barrel of beer?

A PROFESSOR of psychology at Tulane University, U.S.A., has trained rats to take a coin from a tin and run to put the coin in a saucer in exchange for cheese. The rats learn to choose the coin which buys most cheese. The professor says the test shows that rats have a sense of value.

*How clever is the little rat!
With beady eyes and grasping paws
He learns to sort out this from that
And how to know effect from cause.
The notion he is quick to seize
That money earned is swiftly spent.
He buys himself his daily cheese,
In time he'll pay his master rent.*

*But as they toiled within their grooves,
One rodent said: "It's rather sad,
"For what's the point this rat-race proves:
"That rats are smart? Or men are mad?"*

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• The new Wisdom Flexibrush by Addis.



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"Handy" is a cute little hairbrush with springy bristles, specially designed to fit your hand! It does just as good a job as a brush twice its size! A hygienic plastic envelope buttons over it and keeps it spotless! And ask to see the silky white face-powder brush that dusts off excess powder and leaves the complexion looking soft and smooth as velvet!

• Addis Accessories on sale at all chemists and stores.



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• The deeper-brushing Beauty Brush by Addis. Glittering Jewellite handles in three lovely colors.

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NESTLÉ'S

thick, rich cream is so inexpensive!



DONALD PEERS singing at a party on the stage after one of his shows at the London Palladium. He has stage and radio engagements right up to the day of his departure for Australia on his special visit to sing for a charity.

Donald Peers to sing here for charity

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

Britain's top crooner, Donald Peers, who has millions of fans all over the world, will fly to Australia next month on a brief visit to give three big shows—free.

The Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Councillor Brens, telephoned Peers in England to ask his help in launching a fund in aid of the Victorian Helping Hand Theatrical Association for Subnormal Children.

PEERS, amiable, hard-working, and snowed under with commitments, immediately said "yes," then proceeded to drop all engagements between March 3 and March 16.

On March 3 he will take the Comet to Singapore, on his way to Melbourne, and he will return to England by March 16, when he has contracted to start the first of eight star programmes for the B.B.C.

Right up to the time of leaving, Peers will be touring the blizzard-swept north of England.

He spoke to me over the crackling trunkline from Hull. Negotiations also are being made for him to make a second trip to Australia in mid-April.

Second visit

ALTHOUGH he could not comment on these until details are settled, it is believed he is arranging to appear in Sydney in April for a season, and then will fly across the Tasman to tour New Zealand, returning for four-week appearances in Adelaide and Perth.

Peers is a romantic. He keeps his pocketbook stuffed with philosophical little fragments he has clipped out of newspapers.

Whenever he is alone or

waiting he takes them out and reads them.

He is completely and sincerely in tune with his vast public.

At critics who call him "corny" Peers just smiles his amiable, pudgy smile and goes on merchandising unashamed sentiment. He said honestly: "I am not a great singer, and I know it. I have many limitations. I have no great range, for instance."

"But I sing each song with everything that's locked up in me. When I have something sad to sing, then I think of all the sad things in life, and when I'm singing about happiness—why, I am just bubbling over with it."

It is presumed that when Peers wants to feel happy he has only to think of what the song is earning him.

"I am looking forward to making Australia at last because I am getting a whacking great fan mail from there," he told me.

"And I have relations all over the place—Brisbane, Rockhampton, and Melbourne, where my brother's wife and daughter, Helen, have settled."

"My brother Elwyn is a judge in Malaya, and I will stop off in Singapore for a day or so to see him."

"Helen is studying law in Melbourne."

Flying with Peers will be his accompanist, Jack Golden,

who was once musical adviser and pianist for the famous American singer Harry Richmond.

The most popular tunes which will be featured in Peers' three shows are sweeping England now. They are "Half As Much," "You Belong to Me," and "Outside of Heaven."

"Of course," Peers said, "there's 'I Told Them All About You,' which seems to have set Australia alight as far as my own recordings are concerned."

"I hope to make a much more leisurely trip on the concert tour in April if it eventuates, and just mooch out to Australia via Rome, India, and Singapore, stopping off to have a look round."

"I want to get in some golf, too. Your Norman von Nida is an old pal of mine."

"Last time he was in England I played with him at Leeds."

"Off one of the tees I hit the longest drive I ever made in my life."

"I turned round to Norman and said, 'Go on, beat that if you can, big shot.'"

"Norman took an easy swing and put down a screamer that made my drive look like a hop and a step."

"Never mind," I said, "when you're my age and you can hit as far as me you'll be doing all right."

"Norman said, 'When I'm your age I'll be sitting on Bondi Beach in a wheelchair.'"

"Another Australian friend of ours is Bill Shankland, the professional coaching my daughter, Sheila—and teaching her to hit a terrific ball."

Peers, who started his career as a painter's laborer at nine-pence an hour, now earns an estimated £50,000 sterling

yearly from discs, theatre tours, radio shows, and filming.

Now 44, his hold on a vast world public shows no signs of slipping.

He plays a lot of golf because "now I am past 40 I don't want the middle-aged spread to take a grip on me like it has on so many performers I know."

He has a horror of becoming sleek and satisfied and retains an enthusiasm for singing—a quality which, plus a shrewd publicity campaign, puts him among the world's biggest vocal best-sellers.

"Even to-day," said outgoing Peers, "I still tune up in my bath, much to my daughter's horror."

Whether he is singing for charity or for big money the same painstaking planning goes into every new number.

Daily rehearsal

EVERY afternoon at two Peers is in his rehearsal room with his pianist and his musical adviser.

He said: "Every programme is planned with as much precision and attack as I can possibly bring to bear. For theatre entertaining I work on a song for two hours a day for three weeks before I put it on. By then I know every note, every gesture, curtain move, and lights so automatically that I could dictate a letter while I was singing."

"When I go to Australia I shall be on the look-out for songs to add to my repertoire. I think it would be a good idea if I could bring back a couple of really good ones in my bag."

Peers, who toured Malaya's trouble spots last year singing to troops, modestly shrugged off the suggestion that his flying half-way round the world to give free shows for afflicted Victorian children is a pretty good thing.

"Not at all, old boy," he said briefly.

"It's good public relations."

Centenary of famous Melbourne hotel



FOUNDERS. Catherine Menzies and her husband, Archibald, who opened Menzies Hotel in Latrobe Street, Melbourne, 100 years ago. These pictures were taken from an old locket given to the late William Bentley, a former manager of the hotel.

First Menzies was built from timber felled on site

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

One hundred years ago in Latrobe Street, Melbourne, a bush site was cleared and the felled trees were used to build a 12-roomed inn which opened as Menzies Hotel. This month Menzies, now Australia's most famous hotel, celebrates its centenary.

MENZIES Hotel is linked with Australia's history. As the young colony grew, the hotel grew with it, but its name still recalls the early, pioneering days of the country.

To celebrate its centenary, the hotel arranged a gala dinner for 500 guests on February 16.

Relatives of the Menzies family invited to the dinner were Mrs. Ray King, of Hawthorn, and her cousin, Mrs. Morris Tonkin, of East Kew, whose grandfather, the late Mr. Will McLaren, was Mrs. Menzies' brother and one of the amateur builders of the first Menzies Hotel.

At the gala dinner guests exchanged anecdotes of the hotel's early days and the celebrities who stayed there.

One of them was the famous dancer Lola Montez, who came to Melbourne under engagement to the newly opened Theatre Royal, which stood on the present site of Manton's store in Bourke Street.

Her feature dance shocked the staid residents of Victoria, but the diggers were delighted, and showed their appreciation by throwing nuggets of gold on to the stage.

The editor of a Ballarat newspaper wrote in derogatory terms of her conduct, for which he later got a horse-whipping from the enraged Lola.



MANAGER of Menzies, Mr. George Bassant, watches his wife arranging flowers in one of the hotel lounges. She spends every morning at this work, and also supervises floral decorations for special parties at the hotel.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 25, 1953

Founders of Menzies Hotel were a young Scots couple, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Menzies, who migrated from Dundee in the ship Cleopatra, which sailed on September 7, 1852.

Mrs. Menzies was then Catherine McLaren. During the voyage her friendship with Archibald Menzies grew into a shipboard romance, and they were married when the Cleopatra berthed in Australia three months later.

With the help of members of his wife's family, who also migrated in the Cleopatra, Archibald Menzies set to work to clear land and build a hotel on the site in Latrobe Street now occupied by the Empire Hotel.

Melbourne's first Menzies Hotel was opened early in 1853.

The Victorian Parliament, which then met in St. Patrick's Hall, had been in existence only 12 months when the hotel was opened.

The Menzies' talent for hospitality soon made their hotel popular.

Gold escort

FASHIONABLE young officers of the private gold escort company made it their unofficial headquarters. These were the men who escorted the gold on its journey from the diggings to Melbourne to protect it from bushrangers.

A Victorian brochure of the time referred to the hotel thus: "Wealth, rank, and title mingled there with the arts, sciences, and learned professions."

Men met there to do business, and thousands of square miles of property and millions of sheep changed hands in the hotel's commercial room.

The hotel was rebuilt in 1867 on its present site at the corner of Bourke and William Streets with the money Archibald Menzies had made from his goldmine at Rushworth, in Gippsland.

The builder was David Mitchell, father of Dame Nellie Melba. She was a frequent visitor at the hotel in later years.

Palatial by the standards of those days, the new building



MENZIES HOTEL as it stands to-day on the corner of Bourke and William Streets. The building still closely resembles the hotel as it was when erected in 1867 although a new wing and another story were added in 1924, and a bigger entrance was built later.

was an imposing three-story structure decorated in Adam style and filled with solidly substantial furniture.

Murals depicting Australian flowers and animals decorated the reading-room, which is now the public bar.

Epaulettes in the Menzies tartan were a feature of the uniforms worn by the hotel's waiters.

Rugged Archibald Menzies had a good head for business, but it was his elegant wife who was the driving force behind him and his executives.

They set a standard of hospitality which was maintained throughout the century.

A fellow-Scotsman, William Rae Buchanan Bentley, who was employed at the hotel from the age of 18, became a firm friend of the owner and was appointed manager.

He helped greatly in making the new hotel a success.

Later William Bentley built the present Craig's Hotel in Ballarat, Victoria.

Soon after the death of its founder, Menzies Hotel was taken over by a company.

When Archibald Menzies died and his family left the business, Catherine Menzies gave William Bentley her husband's locket as a memento.

The locket now belongs to Miss Elizabeth Bennett, of South Yarra, Melbourne, who is a granddaughter of William Bentley.

The visit of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, to the colony coincided with the opening of the rebuilt Menzies. The hotel management advertised that the hotel would accommodate visitors in Melbourne for the Royal visit.

Famous comedian Charles Matthews, a great friend of Prince Alfred, was staying at Menzies, and the Prince visited him frequently at the new hotel.

Mark Twain, the celebrated



CUP AND SAUCER which belonged to Mrs. Archibald Menzies is admired by Mrs. Ray King, of Hawthorn, and Mrs. Morris Tonkin, of East Kew. They are granddaughters of the late Will McLaren, who was Mrs. Menzies' brother.

American humorist and author, whose real name was Samuel Clemens, was a distinguished guest at the hotel. During his stay he felt the need of more exercise, and, after asking permission of the management, stoked in the furnace room every morning.

Author's praise

ANOTHER famous author, Anthony Trollope, in his "Australia and New Zealand," wrote of Menzies: "I have never put myself up at a better inn in any part of the world." He made it his headquarters each time he was in Victoria.

English journalist and lecturer George Augustus Sala did much of his writing in the hotel.

The first book of poetry published in Australia was Henry Hengist Horne's "Orion" in 1854. He was a guest at Menzies at that time, but his adventurous spirit later led him into remote Victorian districts to live.

"Orion" Horne showed his contempt for the reading pub-

lic by selling his book at one farthing a copy.

Among hundreds of famous names on the hotel's register are Fritz Kreisler, Mark Hambourg, Kingsford Smith, Amy Johnson, matinee idol Wilson Barrett, Lord Rothermere, Toti Dal Monte, Alexander Graeme Bell, and the Duke of Windsor as Prince of Wales.

Stars of the Edwardian theatre made Menzies their Melbourne home. They included Nellie Farren, Harry Sullivan, Charles Warner, Edward Terry, Dion Boucicault, and Ella Russell.

During World War II, General Douglas MacArthur, his wife, and son lived there for nine months after their escape from Bataan, in the Philippines.

The hotel's present manager, Mr. George Bassant, had his early training in London hotels. He later went to New Zealand, where he managed the Grand Hotel in Auckland and the St. George and Waterloo Hotels in Wellington before coming to Melbourne 12 years ago.

PROTECTED BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILLOIL—

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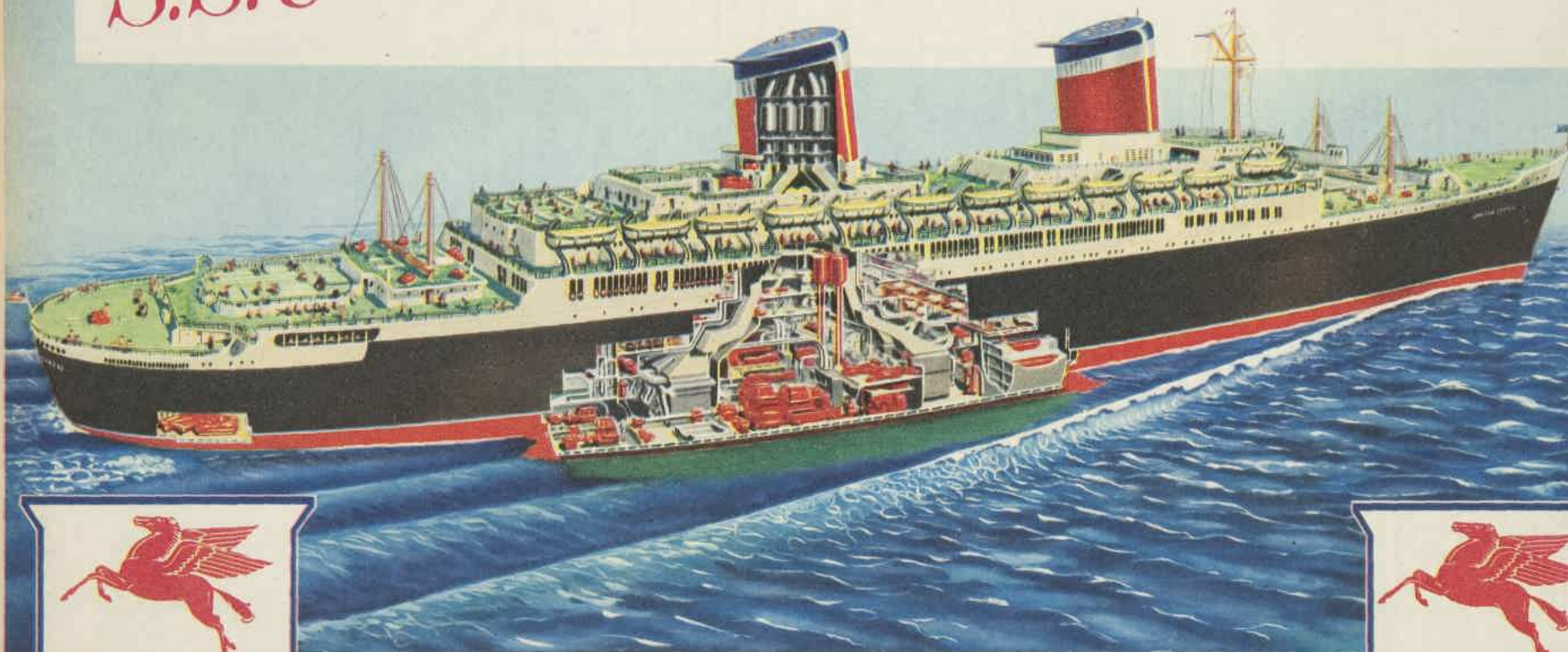
To-day's holder of the coveted "Blue Riband" is America's largest, safest and fastest liner. She carries 2,000 passengers at over 35 knots and can be converted to accommodate 14,000 troops.

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the "Queen Mary," the world's largest ocean liners, are also protected by the makers of Mobiloil.

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OFFICER WEDS. Second officer in the *Taiyuan*, Donald Hutchinson, of Northumberland, England, and his bride, formerly Joyce Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Wilson, of Wollatoncraft, at St. Thomas', North Sydney.

Getting Married

WEDDING bells will be pealing overtime in the next few months when brides will steal the social spotlight in both city and country.

One of the prettiest weddings of the year will be that of Rosemary Turnbull, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turnbull, of Darling Point, and David Lloyd Jones, elder son of Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd Jones, of Woolahra, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on March 31. Bridesmaids will be Ann Livingston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hector Livingston, of Point Piper and Moore, and Susan King, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Michael King, of Edgecliff and Camden. Bailieu Myer, of Melbourne, will be best man, and Rosemary's brother Dale will be groomsman.

APRIL 9 is the date chosen by Elizabeth Griffith and Dr. Guy Purchas for their wedding at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. Guy, who is a resident at Sydney Hospital, is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Purchas, of Young, and Elizabeth is the daughter of Mrs. F. E. Griffith, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Mr. Lionel Griffith, formerly of Albury. Elizabeth's attendants will be Guy's sister Jan and Joyce Bianchi. Joyce's own wedding to David Chambers, son of Mrs. D. Tooth, of Moss Vale, and of the late Dr. J. F. Chambers, will take place at St. Canice's on March 17.

WELL-KNOWN show and rodeo rider Judith Doyle, of "Merriwah," Boggabilla, will marry Ken Mackay, of "Woodlands," Yetman, at Goondiwindi on April 10. Judith is widely acclaimed as a cattle judge, and last year she and Margaret Regg, who will be her bridesmaid, flew to America to buy stock for "Merriwah."

ON April 18 Philippa Haydon, of "Hennor," Muswellbrook, and Paddy Friend, son of Mrs. Friend, of Wahroonga, and the late Mr. W. N. Friend, will be married at Muswellbrook. Philippa is the only daughter of Mrs. Haydon and the late Mr. T. B. Haydon. Her bridesmaids will be Elizabeth Roberts, of Killara, and Alison Mackay, of Turramurra.



INTERESTING WEDDING. John Thane, of Double Bay, and Mrs. Thane, formerly Mrs. F. de la Valette, at St. Columba's, Edgecliff, with Mr. Ashley Buckingham (left), who gave the bride away, and Mr. K. Ipkendans (right).



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. John Arnott, formerly Anne Hoskins, in her silk organza gown before her wedding at St. Michael's, Wollongong. John is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnott, of Darling Point. Inset: Mr. and Mrs. Arnott.



THE two Sylvester boys, Ewart and Keith, of "Pelerin," Singleton, will be married shortly, within three weeks of each other. Ewart, who lives at "Undabri," Goondiwindi, will marry Brisbane girl Margaret Struthers at St. Anne's, Brisbane, on February 27. Keith will be best man. On March 18 Keith will marry Ailsa Cook, of Vaucluse, at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Ailsa is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Cook. Ailsa's matrons of honor will be Mrs. John Davidson, of Cootamundra, and her sister, Mrs. Stretton Jeffs, of Castlegrag.



HAPPY COUPLE. Cam Alexander, of Avalon, and his bride, formerly Janet Huff Johnston, elder daughter of Mrs. J. B. Huff Johnston, of Bellevue Hill, and of the late Dr. Huff Johnston, leave St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their wedding.

ON March 14 Barbara Bennett, of Tamworth, and David Wright, of "Bickham," Blandford, will be married at St. John's Church, Tamworth. Their attendants will be Joan Scholes, Patricia Wright, John Doyle, and John Bennett.

THE new year has also brought a crop of engagements, with wedding plans "later this year." Georgina Coghlan, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Coghlan, of Double Bay, is engaged to Ian Wass, of "Woodside," Warren. Ian will come to Sydney next month for the wedding of his brother, Gregory, to Heather Lavers, of Faulconbridge, at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, on March 14.

TOMMY Petherbridge, daughter of Mrs. Myra Petherbridge, of "Hampton Court," Maitland, and George Clift, of Curlewis, became engaged in the new year. George, who plays polo with the Gunnedah team, is the elder son of the George Clifts, of "Lochiel," Curlewis.



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Mark's, Darling Point, are David Archibald, of "Glenagie," Scone, and his bride, formerly Judith Allen, of "Kiah Lake," Berridale.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Bruce Baker, of "Albion," Gunnedah, and his bride, formerly Barbara Gibson, of "Riversleigh," Forbes, at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

Anne

New! Angel Face by Pond's

Sensational new make-up . . .

It's foundation and powder in-one!

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Angel Face has its own downy-soft puffet. 5 angel-sweet shades. At better beauty counters everywhere.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN



TOAST at picnic to Sir Arthur Sullivan (Maurice Evans), right, on his recent knighthood is joined by partner W. S. Gilbert (Robert Morley), left, and their joint manager, Richard D'Oyly Carte (Peter Finch), standing. Mrs. "Kitten" Gilbert (Isabel Dean), and Helen, Carte's secretary and future wife (Eileen Herlie), left.

● Rich costumes are worn by a huge cast of players in sumptuous Victorian settings in London Films' technicolor production "Gilbert and Sullivan." The film is based on the lives of the two men who revolutionised the British musical theatre. Excerpts from comic operas by witty and scathing librettist W. S. Gilbert (played by Robert Morley) and his composer-associate Arthur Sullivan (Maurice Evans), a gentler but tenacious character, occupy almost half of the screen time. Their rise to fame under the management of Richard D'Oyly Carte (Peter Finch) and break-up over an apparently trifling matter give the picture warm human interest.



YVONNE MARSH brings vivid beauty to the "Trial By Jury" excerpts in "Gilbert and Sullivan" as the jilted bride who sings and dances.

FINALE of "Trial by Jury," one of the operatic sequences of the film, shows Yvonne Marsh centre stage. Taking a curtain call in the orchestra pit is Arthur Sullivan (Maurice Evans), the composer, who conducted all first performances.

MARTYN GREEN, long associated with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, has the role of Savoyard player George Grossmith in the film.

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ARRID

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USE ARRID—TO BE SURE!

New career for film star



AT HOME. Dinner over, the McCallum family—John and his actress wife (Google Withers)—enjoy a game of canasta, while John's father looks on in the background.

Australian to drop "tough-guy" roles

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

The screen career of Australia's John McCallum has just taken a big spurt ahead. He has a fat new contract in his pocket, and his eyes are on new heights.

AFTER a long string of unshaven, tough-guy-on-the-run parts, John is to be built into a "personality star" of international magnitude.

The man who aims to do this is British film's greatest showman, Herbert Wilcox; the man whose magnum opus is Anna Neagle; who made Anna into a great star, then married her, then kept her at the top for 20 years.

He has gone on star-making ever since.

Now at the height of his power, Wilcox is gathering into his fold the greatest galaxy of stars in Britain.

Margaret Lockwood and John McCallum are the latest to sign gilt-edged contracts.

Unlike most film contracts, the one John McCallum has

just signed looks friendly, civilised, almost casual.

For instance: Says John, "Under its terms I can go off and do a play whenever I want to. There's no question of forcing me into any part against my will. We talk everything over, and I have complete faith in Herbert."

Says Herbert Wilcox: "I like John's work. I like John. He has charm and irresistible humor. We get on well, which is better than any contract."

"Already his performance in 'Trent's Last Case' has brought him a big new public in America and on the Continent. There's a famine in good personality actors in British films, and I plan to develop John entirely on this note."

The first film in which McCallum will star under his new career-plan will be a



AUSTRALIAN John McCallum has just signed a seven-film contract with top British producer Herbert Wilcox, who plans to build him into an international personality star.

comedy—opposite a top American actress.

John told me, "Herbert sent me the script to read and say what I think. But he's being rather mysterious about my leading lady. I still don't know who she's going to be."

"The contract may involve my going to Hollywood—but only for one film at a time, which is the ideal way for us."

"Both Google" (John's wife, Google Withers) "and I have had several offers of long-term Hollywood contracts."

"We've turned them down because it would involve moving there, and we prefer to stay in England."

"Google and I want to do another film together, but the idea isn't working too well."

"She has just ended one long stage run, and by the sound of 'bravos' from the audience of 'The Deep Blue Sea' the other night, she's all set for another long stay in the theatre."

"But we managed to get a holiday in Spain first. Malaga is only just wearing off."

"We took an Australian-bound boat, got off at Gibraltar, and made for Malaga."

"I was tempted to continue all the way out home."

John McCallum's latest role is as an Australian. He has been playing the part of Charles Armstrong, former husband of the late Mrs. Nellie Melba, in the film of her life which has just been completed in England under the direction of American Lewis Milestone.

"The part was good, though there wasn't a lot of it. I went on location to Covent Garden, Nettlefold on the Thames, Wembley, and, finally, to 'sheep station' on Salisbury Plain," said John.

"This new contract means me freer than before. I am signed up. Many are the times a freelance has to make his bread and butter, not because he thinks they're any good."

"Which films were they?" I asked, ears pricked.

John laughed. He is the diplomat among stars. "Well—" he temporised, smiling for the smooth answer. "I let you guess!"

Hollywood night-life wanes on "The Strip"

From
LEE CARROLL,
in Hollywood.

Sightseers have to look hard to catch a glimpse of film stars at play in Hollywood's plush entertainment spots these nights.

MOVIE folk are either avoiding these expensive haunts for other meeting places, or else they are spending more time in their own homes.

The experience of Paulette Goddard typifies the change that has taken place in Hollywood in recent months. Dining at La Rue Restaurant on her first night in Hollywood, after a long absence abroad, Paulette was driven by the absence of friendly company to inquire of the maitre d'hotel, "Where is everybody?"

"They're all at Wil Wright's ice-cream parlor, next door, madam," he replied solemnly. There is more truth than irony in this last remark, for the much publicised night-

life of the West Coast movie colony is in the doldrums.

Walk along Sunset Strip, Hollywood's golden mile of night-clubs and restaurants, any night of the week, and more than likely the sound of your own footsteps will echo back in the quiet.

"The Strip" is a rather unimpressive-looking thoroughfare lined with stucco buildings that house antique dealers, talent agencies, and dance-spots.

Follow the neon lights that point to the name "Ciro's" or spell out "Mocambo" and peek inside their doors about midnight and you'll be lucky to spot any picture celebrities dining or dancing in the half-gloom.

Of course, movie stars still step out occasionally, but it's

invariably for some special function—a big charity do, a premiere, or a gala testimonial night.

The Adolph Zukor anniversary party at the Hollywood Palladium ballroom was a recent all-star night out.

Nine hundred top stars, producers, and directors attended the brilliant Zukor party to celebrate the Paramount executive's 50th year in the movie industry. The function cost £20,000.

Where, then, does filmdom go to talk shop with friends and have a bite to eat at the end of the day?

The answer is, to the drive-in restaurants that have sprung up like weeds around Hollywood and Beverly Hills, to ice-cream parlors which also serve food, and to congregate at a few tables or perch at the counter of corner drug-stores.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 25, 1951

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 25, 1953

Page 27

LIFE-LONG SUFFERERS

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BRONCHITIS . . . "I have suffered from Bronchitis for over 12 years every winter and cough all year round. Tried everything. I am on the second bottle (of Lantigen 'B') and honestly I feel a new woman. It works out most economically."—E.G., Staffordshire, England.

(The above unsolicited testimonials are taken from among the many thousands on our files. Actual copies may be inspected at our offices.)

CATARRH . . . "I have taken a full course of your Lantigen 'B' and it will be about 4 or 5 weeks since I ceased taking it, but it has now rendered my Catarrh, which was severe, quite negligible now."—B.G.C., Farnsfield, England.

RECURRENT COLDS . . . "From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest troubles commonly called colds . . . My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have never had the sign of a cold for twelve years."—E.K., Sydney, N.S.W.

CATARRH . . . "I have just completed a course of Lantigen 'B' and my Catarrh has almost disappeared."—M.L.M., West Tamar, Tasmania.

SINUS . . . "I suffered from Sinus trouble for years, and contracted colds or flu with the slightest change in the weather . . . I tried a bottle of Lantigen 'B'. That was 4 years ago and now I would not even fear a bubonic plague."—H.J.L., Bankstown, N.S.W.

CATARRH . . . "I am now on my second bottle of Lantigen 'B' . . . I cannot explain what it has done for me. I feel a new world has opened for me. The head noises have decreased, nerves in better condition . . . sleep comes to me easily. I cannot praise it enough."—L.V.J., Ontario, Canada.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **The Big Sky**
IN "The Big Sky" (R.K.O.), producer-director Howard Hawks sends a keelboat load of adventurers from the frontier town of St. Louis along the then uncharted Missouri River into distant Indian hunting grounds.

The slow, hazardous trip makes fine entertainment, for cameras explore a real Western tradition as well as splendidly pictorial scenery.

The establishment of a trading post in the fur-rich territory of hostile Blackfoot Indians is the idea behind the expedition.

Teal Eye, the lost daughter of a Blackfoot chieftain, goes along as a hostage. The whites plan to return the girl to her grateful people in exchange for trading favors.

Among the brawling keelboat company are Kirk Douglas and interesting newcomer Dewey Martin—excellent as young Kentucky mountaineers looking for adventure and find it under the wing of Uncle Zeb (Arthur Hunnicutt), an Indian-wise, whisky-swilling old hunter of the territory.

Another newcomer, doe-eyed Powers' model Elizabeth Threatt (she is half Cherokee), plays the redskin maiden handsomely.

All her dialogue is in Indian language and sign-talk. Snatches of the English dialogue are frequently inaudible. Romantic complications are a bit thick towards the end of the film, but are resolved acceptably.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ **Because of You**

YOUR pleasure in "Because of You" (Universal) depends on how much heart-wringing emotion you can take.

There is a lot of grief in Universal's contrived, slickly presented drama of a misunderstood who loses her home, husband, and child when a shady partner catches up with her.

It's a story that breaks no new territory, but all the same the combined talents of stars Loretta Young and Jeff Chandler in the husband and wife roles make old ground acceptable enough.

Jeff Chandler wins less sympathy than Loretta as the neurotic husband who is supremely intolerant of his wife's misfortune. Ex-Broadway actor Aron Nicol is the provocative villain of the piece; unfortunately, he is whisked out of the picture after a couple of brief appearances.

In Sydney—State.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "Sudden Fear," thriller, starring Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★★ "They Died With Their Boots On," Western, starring Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland. Plus "Wedding Vells," a Mack Sennett comedy. (Both re-releases.)

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Les Misérables," period drama by Victor Hugo, starring Michael Rennie, Robert Newton, Sylvia Sydney. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?," technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYRIC.—★★ "The World in his Arms," technicolor war drama, starring Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth. Plus "Reunion in Reno," comedy-drama, starring Mark Stevens, Peggy Dow, Gigi Perreau. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "We're Not Married," romantic comedy, starring Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas. Plus "Stolen Face," drama, starring Elizabeth Scott, Paul Henreid.

PALACE.—★ "King Kong," thriller, starring Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot. Plus "Armored Car Robbery," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—★★ "The Big Sky," pioneer Western, starring Kirk Douglas, Elizabeth Threatt. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Carol Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Room for One More," domestic comedy, starring Cary Grant, Betsy Drake. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Manon," French-language drama, starring Cecile Aubry, Michael Auclair, Serge Reggiani. Plus ★★ "Paris 1900," English-language feature narrated by Monty Woolley.

STATE.—★ "Because of You," romantic drama, starring Loretta Young, Jeff Chandler. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Bonzo Goes to College," comedy, starring Maureen O'Sullivan, Edmund Gwenn, Bonzo.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"The Man in Grey," romantic drama, starring James Mason, Phyllis Calvert, Stewart Granger, Margaret Lockwood. Plus "Tragedy at Midnight," mystery, starring John Howard, Margaret Lindsay. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—"Tom Brown's Schooldays," drama, starring John Howard Davies, Robert Newton, Diana Wynyard. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—"Under the Red Sea," under-water feature, with Lottie Berl. Plus ★★ "Savage Splendor," technicolor documentary. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—"The Bad and the Beautiful," drama, starring Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Walter Pidgeon, Dick Powell. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—"Night Taxi," Italian-language film, starring tenor Beniamino Gigli.

VICTORY.—"Francis Covers the Big Town," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Yvette Dugay. Plus "The Scarlet Angel," technicolor drama, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Rock Hudson.



1 DISAPPROVING father, Senator Clem Rogers (Carl Benton Reid), left, is happy when roving son Will (Will Rogers, jun.) marries demure Betty Blake (Jane Wyman).

2 SHOW BUSINESS brings fame to Will. When Betty is to have a baby, he agrees to return to the range and settle down, but a lucrative vaudeville offer changes his mind. Will's rope spinning misfires on the stage and his career declines.



3 ZIEGFELD FOLLIES offer brings Will big success when he accidentally includes his own homespun humor in the act.

STORY OF WILL ROGERS

★ In "The Story of Will Rogers," Warners pay a tribute to America's famous cowboy-philosopher who, in early days, carved a unique place for himself in the esteem of the nation.

Will Rogers, jun., who bears a striking physical resemblance to his father, stars in the picture. It depicts his career from colorful days as a cow-puncher to the time of his fatal flight with Wiley Post to Alaska.



4 FAMILY GROWS, and the Rogers' have three children. Meanwhile, Will starts to include political and international problems in his stage patter, and is summoned to the White House.



5 PRESIDENT WILSON (Earl Lee), left, asks Will to write for the public as well as speak to them. Will feels responsibility would be too much, and goes to Hollywood for films.



6 MEETING aviator Wiley Post (Noah Beery, jun.) centre, in Hollywood, Will becomes interested in aeroplanes. Wiley and his friends ask Will to use his growing influence to back their schemes. He tours the country in the cause of air-power.



7 JOURNALISM helps Will to boost air-power. He also becomes a radio commentator on similar subjects following a European trip. Will receives official recognition of his services at a national convention.



8 RANCH LIFE never loses its charm for Will. Before taking off on the disastrous Alaskan trip with Wiley Post, Will spends a happy holiday with his wife and family riding the hills near their Californian ranch.

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Continuing

would be driven too far, she did not know how to protect herself, she was too gentle; her spirit, her talent fought for her awhile. But Joyce was driving her beyond her endurance.

Karen tried to help, she tried to stay between them knowing it was dangerous, remembering Joyce had said, you're next.

She did her steps, remembering how she must move, tried to help Alice, and at the same time tried to see how Joyce would plot, when Joyce would try to injure her.

On cue the lights of the stage were dimming, dimming . . . the three of them were to leap behind a stage prop and kneel down, hidden . . . and then Karen knew what Joyce had planned.

Alice leaped in lightly, and sank down on her injured foot. The lights were lower. Karen leaped in. The lights were almost out, the orchestra was storming.

And Karen shoved over hard as Joyce leaped in, trying to hit Karen's feet, coming down hard.

But Karen had spared herself the worst; she got kicked hard on the instep, but Joyce had missed her ankle. They crouched in the dark for a second.

Karen did not see Igor. She heard Joyce struggle suddenly, and the sound of dragging.

When the lights came up, she looked offstage, and Joyce was being shoved off. Igor had one arm twisted behind her, and his other hand was over her mouth so that she could not yell.

"What happened?" asked Alice, bewildered, seeing there were only two of them.

"Joyce left," Karen said, rubbing her foot. She had a dirt mark on her tights, and underneath it hurt. She would have a nasty bruise.

"What will we do?" Alice asked.

"What we're supposed to do," Karen said. "Dance."

She did not mean to be glad, but she was all right, she would be able to dance the solo; and Alice could go no further.

Karen and Alice did pas de bourees offstage, and one of them was through for the night. The other would have a few minutes' rest—and then—the little solo! Karen breathed hard, to catch her breath, to have enough wind for it.

Igor had shoved a chair under Alice and was cutting the ribbons of the shoe that was blood-stained.

"Don't look down!" he was ordering her, knowing how she might faint.

"Karen!" he said then, and she stood ready. "Your feet are the same size. Take off your shoe for Alice . . . hurry. Why do you stand?"

"Take off my shoe?"

"Yes, yes . . . hurry, now. I do not have all day."

"Wait a minute," the man who had visited the studio said.

"You were right about Joyce. I don't want any troublemaker in my troupe; and this one can't dance. Let the redhead do the solo."

Karen held her breath.

"No," said Igor, positively. "Alice can dance it, only with another shoe. See, a little tape over the cut, a new shoe—she can dance."

A Night Filled With Music from page 10

Igor was tying the ribbons of Karen's shoe around Alice's ankle, and the dream was over. There was no place for her here, Karen thought.

She walked away, her head high, so no one would think she had wanted to dance the solo. On two feet she was not as good as Alice on one.

That had been Igor's judgment, and he made dancers. She could not bear it, inside. She had wanted only to dance; and to have the desire, but not the ability to transmit desire to reality, that was beyond human endurance.

As long as she lived, she would never forget her seventeenth birthday. She would hate it all her life.

She went down the iron stairs with her tulle skirt fluffed out under the railing, one foot naked on the cold iron.

Then from behind her she could hear a music cue. The birthday gift she had promised for herself. It was the cue for the little solo at the end of the ballet.

Karen sat down slowly on the iron stairway. Her skirt blew softly in the draughts of air, like wisps of white fog. Beautiful, beautiful music, rising from the orchestra, then bending like a fountain to sprinkle shimmering notes on the audience and dancers.

But the night would never be filled with music for her. Her eyes filled with hot tears.

The iron stairs shook a little. She did not look up, until she felt something hit her shoulders.

She saw Igor's feet. He had taken off his coat and thrown it over her. "You get stiff in the draught," he said, severely. She shoved it off her shoulders.

He put it back. "Leave it!" he said. He sat down on the step above her, and pushed her skirt over so he could get his feet down. He bent over and touched the mark on her foot, and she pulled her foot away.

"It will be all right," he said, as he straightened up. Then, "Alice will be happy here. The ballerinas are young and will do the hard work. Alice will never have to dance too much, but the people will see her. She should not be lost because she is not strong."

Karen could not talk because it would choke her.

"Do you feel bad?" he asked. "Look, I will show you your name in the programme."

He held it out in front of

her. She wanted to throw it away angrily, to say she would not be second best; she would not waste dad's money on that; but she could not.

She had to look just once because it was like an old friend chiselled on a stone. Here was Karen Mueller. She was Karen Mueller. She was Karen Young.

With the tears in her eyes, she could not find the name Mueller—no. It must be like as Griffin. But she could not find that either. She wiped her eyes furtively.

"Here," said Igor. He took his finger under a name. She had to look and look again before she realised whose name it was. Karen Constantinova, it read.

"But Alice . . ." she said. "But Alice . . ." looked at her.

"Oh, a little," he said. "Go outside."

And she remembered then something that Igor had said once, that the great dancers did not pass on their creative ability to the children of their body, but often to pupils. The inheritance was by the spirit, not the flesh.

So she put her head down in her hands and she cried. Constantinova. It was such a long name, and no one would ever pronounce it right, but there was no other she would have wanted.

It was a symbol, and a promise, and a goal. It was all the faith Igor had in her future; the first light on what was to come.

The stairs were quaking under her. Someone was at the top, but she could not see crying. She kept her face hidden.

"Hey, how about you two moving over so a guy can get down," some man asked.

"Go another way," Igor replied, imperiously. "She is too tired to move."

"She can be tired when where else, then," the man said roughly. "I've got to get down stairs."

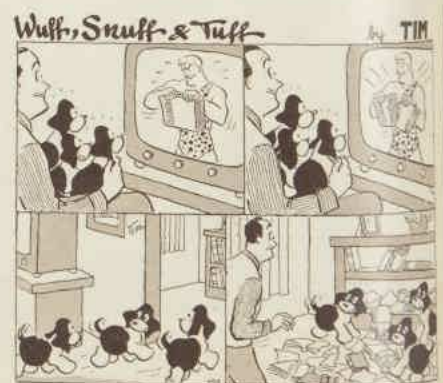
"You don't get down these stairs," Igor said, "unless I throw you down." His voice was hard and threatening.

The man swore and stamped away, muttering.

"Some day you will tell about it," Igor shouted at him. "How you couldn't get down the stairs because Karen Constantinova was sitting on them. Some day you will brag!"

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FOR THE CHILDREN



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YOUTH FEATURE by Kay Melaun

The lovers' tiff

There are all sorts of quarrels—nerve storms, homeric battles, lovers' tiffs, domestic brawls, to mention a few. As for their causes, well, people are still writing books about that.

- The clever one apologises first
- Don't marry someone who can't forget

A BOY and a girl, for instance, can quarrel about anything. They usually do, even though, or perhaps because, they are half in love with each other.

Take Marion and George. They're going steady. Now and again they have a quarrel. This one is typical:

Since George is so special, Marion's family sticks to routine when he comes to dinner. Marion nearly always washes up for Mum; it's her one household chore. Dad dries.

So after dinner this night Mum clears away and trots off to the sitting-room, followed by Dad when George offers, as usual, to relieve him on the business end of the tea-towel.

In the kitchen Marion is rather silent. She has been all through dinner for that matter. But it's a cosy enough scene.

So why, when George dips his finger into the washing-up water and says: "That water's not hot enough," does Marion round on him in a fury?

What row could have a smaller cause?

"I only said the washing-up water wasn't hot enough," grumbles George. "She's unreasonable—and I was only trying to help."

"Bossy beast," sobbs Marion. "He's always so darn superior."

But, Marion, don't you know that you haven't had a thought all evening that wasn't tinged with your own self-pitying martyrdom?

Did you know that at work George hasn't been able to take a trick lately? Of course he hasn't told you, because he hasn't admitted even to himself that he's begun to think he's a dud as a salesman.

Don't you know that when George is with you he compensates a bit by being bossy?

Did you know that he has been waiting for a moment alone to tell you every detail of how he got the best book in his department today? He made the big announcement at dinner, you'll remember, but you were so unimpressed that the triumph went out of it.

Don't you know that just by looking interested you give George a build-up; that to some extent you can direct his success or failure?

And you, George, haven't you sat through dinner thinking only of your own success?

Did you know, George, that Marion had an expensive manicure to-day—entirely for your benefit, although you didn't comment on her appearance at all? And the washing-up is bound to chip the enamel.

Did you know that she had a rotten day

at the office? That Mary, that loathsome new junior, was unjustly praised and petted by Miss Smith?

Did you know, moreover, that rain is forecast for the week-end and she won't be able to wear the new outfit she's been dwelling on for weeks? For your benefit, too.

Of course not, George. You haven't given her a chance to tell you, although she has been depending on your sympathy to melt her irritations and disappointments.

If George and Marion are smart, they'll make it up before the night's out.

Leave a quarrel for any length of time and it seems to set. Its bitterness grows with coldness.

Even though it takes courage and strength of character to say "I'm sorry" or "Please forgive me," it's the only thing to do.



"He's waiting in my truck in case you forgive him."

many spats they'd better kiss each other good-bye. It's a sure bet that couples who are always having tiffs before they're married will have big rows afterwards.

There are special people, of course, who quarrel because they like it that way. They would call a day lost if it didn't have some "drama" in it.

Where other people are "sick for days," these quarrellers enjoy getting angry.

When two of them marry, they have magnificent rows with rapturous reconciliations.

But it's difficult if a quarreller falls in love with someone who would do almost anything to duck "unpleasantness."

If you're this mild type, run a mile, especially if you're thinking of marriage.

But at that, this union won't have the tragedy implicit in a marriage with someone who can't forget a quarrel. Such a marriage will be disastrous. The man or girl who can't forget certainly won't forgive. The quarrel will be remembered with bitterness not only for five days and five weeks, but even five years later—sometimes in the divorce court.

DISC DIGEST

VERA LYNN takes her latest bracket of numbers straight off the cob and adds plenty of sentiment sauce. Result is acceptable enough, but then, you can't expect another "Auf Wiederseh'n" so soon. Titles are "Forget-Me-Not" and "When Swallows Say Good-bye." The former, which is likely to become a hit, has a most unusually accented accompaniment. Hear it on Y. 6436. Can anyone tell me why Vera seems to be always saying good-bye to someone?

ALSO from Decca comes a definite hit-parade, "Takes Two To Tango" (Y. 6424), with gravel-voiced Louis Armstrong. The incongruity of his really wicked warbling of romantic lyrics is surprising, and you can be sure that he has his tongue firmly wedged in the cheek while at the mike. Personally, I prefer the flipside, "I Laughed At Love," because, being an incurable "Fats" Waller fan, I found that Louis sounds uncannily like that dusky maestro.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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F2440. Short coat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. width material. Price 3/6. The coat would look well in the new season's poodle cloth. Made in pastel shade it could be worn in either city or country from now on.



F2441. Winter coat (above). Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. of 54in. width material. Price 4/6.

★



F2442. A Harmin frock (left) which will carry on for a party. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. of 54in. width material. Price 3/6.

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● Eight smart coats, dresses, and suits which may be made by the home dressmaker are included in this issue. Six are on these two pages and the two dresses on the cover make up the series. Paper patterns in sizes 32in. to 38in. are available for each. To order, see addresses on page 34.



F2443. Smart suit, ideal for the young career woman (above), - can be trimmed with a contrasting color and buttons. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. of 54in. width material. Price, 4/6.

★

F2439. Attractive frock for many occasions (left) to be made in sheer wool. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. of 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

★

F2438. Trim dress for city wear in striped wool or wool jersey (right). Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. of 54in. width material. Price, 3/6.

The
Australian Women's Weekly
February 25, 1950 Page 53



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PATTERNS: Style details

THESE sketches show front and back views of the styles on our cover and on pages 32 and 33, where the other six styles are fully described.

Details of frocks on the cover are:

F2444.—Party frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. For taffeta slip and cummerbund. 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/9.

F2445.—Party frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material in taffeta with 1yd. 108in. material in white tulle, and 1yd. 36in. material in white taffeta. Pattern price 4/9.



PATTERNS for the styles on the cover and on pages 32 and 33 may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney).

Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

When ordering, please quote pattern number and size. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Coming events cast their shadows before, and February 26 may be a shadow whose shape you can discern. You're on the up-grade, although February 27 is prickly.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Should February 24 create dissension in your social group, you can pour oil on the troubled waters, February 26, by using tact and patience.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Almost any action and decision made on February 24 during the afternoon should prove highly satisfactory, so aim to hit the bull's-eye. Be cautious on March 2.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If you can possibly travel or make arrangements to travel, February 26 is ace-high, particularly for holiday trips. February 28 inclines to minor mishaps.

LEO (July 23-August 22): February 28 is likely to be an off-day. Any form of gambling with money—or happiness—will produce deep regret. March 1 favors outings.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Any determined Virgo subject can make February 24 or March 2 a day to remember. News and changes in scene or associates are probable.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Don't pick the morning of February 24 to go job-hunting, or to moan over present conditions. Wait until February 27 gives you the inside track.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Many of you will be going full tilt on February 26, full of goodwill and enthusiasm, only to hit a stone wall February 27. Detour and start again.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Good luck at home on February 24 and unexpected, perhaps inconvenient, visitors on February 26. Relax on March 1.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Guard your speech on February 25, or you may start rumors you never intended. Watch for an important agreeable communication on February 27.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Plans particularly of a practical nature made on February 24 are likely to bear excellent fruit soon.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Don't waste time feeling sorry for yourself on February 24, for February 27 has plenty of thrills. You'll change your whole outlook.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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LAST ACT

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By MARGERY
ALLINGHAM

PART ONE

SHE was running along in the rain. Her high heels clicked and skidded on pavement slabs as brown and clear as licked toffee and she bent her yellow head, in its gay green felt, against the gusts.

The message left for her at Victor's hotel had simply announced briefly that he had "already left." It was just like Victor to scuttle down to Zoff to get his story in first.

She pressed on, the exasperating wind wrapping her narrow skirt round her slender knees, and blessed a suburb which appeared to possess no taxi-cabs.

It was nearly dark and the street lamps were coming out one by one. This was the old part of Bridgeway which still retained some of the smugly sedate qualities of the market town it had been before a tidal wave of expansion had

passed over it and joined it to the great city less than fifteen miles away.

The wide street was lined with dark gardens, behind which solid family houses lurked amid secretive trees.

Margot Robert, white hope of the newly reformed Theatre de Beaux Arts de Paris et Londres, was in no mood to admire them. She was becoming very wet. There were dark patches on the grey cloth of her suit and the leather sides of her week-end case glistened like running water when the light caught them.

The light caught her face, too, occasionally, and when it did hurrying passers-by turned despite the rain to look back after her.

Just recently intelligent folk in three capitals had been arguing about this young actress whose tragic mother had been a stage star in the forgotten days of the First World War, but, what-

ever else was said of her, no one ever suggested that she was not beautiful.

At twenty-four she had all the unlikely loveliness of a Fragonard painting. She was slender, porcelain-fine and pastel-colored, a sunflower blonde with delphinium-blue eyes. So much was unanswerable, and one could take it or leave as one's taste decreed. But there the classic china-doll effect ended abruptly. The past few years had implanted character in the porcelain.

There was a firmness in the pointed chin, and the mouth, soft and primly formed as a child's, could smile but never simper. There was courage there, too, and intelligence, attributes old Monsieur Fragonard would not have tolerated.

Maurice Odette, the dramatic critic, writing in New York a few weeks since, had protested plaintively that "such a face should surely never

To page 36



"This man you intend to marry," Zoff hissed at the girl. "Is it Denis?"

hide a mind," but all the same he had come waddling across the Stork Club to say something kind at the party on the evening before the company sailed.

However, she was not think of these triumphs as she turned in at last through a pair of tall iron gates. She was preoccupied with Zoff. Zoff's reactions had a habit of mattering.

A gravel carriage drive lined with dripping laurels led her to a monstrosity of a porch. This curious structure, considered the most elegant thing in the 'eighties, was a colored glass conservatory as big as a shop front and domed like a temple, built to lie across the front door and at least two of the windows. It was crowded with palms and geraniums and smelled faintly medicinal.

The girl smiled as she entered its dimly lit warmth and paused to tug the old-fashioned bell-pull. The whole house was so absurdly like Zoff.

When Sir Kit had offered to lend it to his old friend once the storm had broken in Europe, he must, she felt, have realised how exactly it would suit the famous doyenne of the French stage whose career had been one of the more colorful stories of the great era immediately before the war.

The house was Zoff's period incarnate. The ridiculous palms and the solid comfort, the ornate and the inch-deep carpets, the mock Gothic, and the draught-proof doors, together they epitomised the world she had graced and scandalised and which was now as lost as only yesterday can be.

All the same, whatever else had gone, Zoff herself remained. Margot had heard her strong voice on the telephone that afternoon and was grateful for it. In a wavering world Zoff's famous temperament still represented a constant if eruptive force.

The door opened slowly at first and then with a rush as Genevieve, browner than ever and if possible even more fat, appeared on the threshold, the warmth and color of the overcrowded vestibule spread out like a back cloth behind her.

"Margot! Cherie!" She drew the girl in and hugged her in arms as strong as a navy's, uttering all the time shrill parrot cries of protest at her wet clothes, commands that she change her shoes, enquiries, endearments, all the strident noises of her love and welcome.

Forty years in Zoff's somewhat exacting service had not altered Genevieve. She was still a provincial peasant, outspoken, obstinate, and indefatigable. Everything perturbed her for a moment and nothing for any length of time. She made a broad, sombre

LAST ACT by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

figure in her neat black dress and small black headshawl, but her huge hands were kind and there was an innocent merriness in her small black eyes like the merriness one sometimes sees in the eyes of elderly nuns.

To Margot she was home. Twenty-three years before, Zoff had made one of her great gestures. At the first news of Marthe Robert's tragic death from an overdose of veronal she had driven to her young rival's apartment and had taken the weeping year-old baby in her arms, carrying her down to the carriage herself while the child wept wearily into her furs. After that, of course, she had passed Margot to Genevieve, and it was she whom the girl best remembered. Genevieve had bounced her on feather-bed knees and had murmured funny old Provençal rhymes in her ears until she slept.

In the morning it was Genevieve who waked, washed, and fed her, kissed and scolded her and in the end made her forget; so now, in spite of everything, it was Genevieve and not Zoff who was Maman to Margot.

The old woman was overjoyed to see her darling. "So it was a great success, this little tour, was it?" she demanded. "Succes fou? Ah, you can't tell me about that America. The times we had there, Madame and I, before you were born! We went all over the country, from one end to the other. When they couldn't photograph Madame they photographed me."

She added in a rush, "You must go up at once and tell her, she will be so pleased. She needs pleasing these days. She's always so tired now. That does not suit her, you know."

Tired? Zoff tired? It sounded unlikely. In Madame Mathilde Zoffany's immediate circle it was usually everybody else who suffered that disability.

Margot looked worried. "I'll go now," she said, and then after a pause, "Is Victor here?"

Steps sounded on the landing above as the words left her lips, and they both turned a little guiltily as a man came gracefully down the stairs, bouncing a little on his toes, his shoes twinkling.

Graceful, elegant, well-tailored; they were all words which suited Victor Soubise, and but for the faintly sagging curves under his cheeks handsome might have fitted him also. He came over to Margot at once and took her hand.

Zoff's elder grandson had none of that remarkable woman's energy, but there was considerable charm in his narrow-lipped mouth and

heavily lidded eyes. At the moment he appeared pleased with himself. There was a cat-and-cream-jug smugness under the long Norman nose.

Margot ignored his welcome.

"You've been talking to Zoff."

He smiled at her disarmingly. "Naturally. After our discussion at dinner last night I thought perhaps I should." He had a light, affable voice and was unruffled as usual. He sounded eminently reasonable.

"Is—is she angry?"

"Darling!" He burst out laughing. "You look about fourteen, do you know that? No, of course not. Our chere maitresse is sympathetic. She has been telling me that all great actresses are difficult to their fiancés. I have been hearing a great deal of ancient history."

Margot shrugged her shoulders. She was not smiling and her eyes had become a shade darker.

"You haven't been terribly clever, Victor. I shan't forgive you."

"I'm sorry." He made a deprecating gesture. "I assumed you would come down this morning. Denis is due tonight. You knew that, of course?"

VICTOR glanced at her sharply and noted with satisfaction that her face grew blank, while Genevieve, who had stood listening to the conversation, uttered an indignant cluck at the name. Denis Cotton, only son of Zoff's elder daughter, now dead, was not often mentioned in the household. Zoff disliked him for his mother's sake.

"No, I had no idea." Margot looked from one to the other of them in astonishment.

Victor laughed. "You've been away six months and you're out of the picture, my dear," he said. "In your absence Denis has been visiting, with some rather interesting consequences, or so it appears. Which reminds me, I shouldn't go into the drawing-room if I were you."

"That is naughty." Genevieve turned on him as if he were still a child. "She has only just arrived, she is wringing wet and she has not yet seen Madame. No, that is abominable. Leave her alone. She will hear everything soon enough."

Margot began to laugh. Genevieve scolding and Victor telling tales, this was Zoff's household as everyone knew it. She put an arm round the old woman's shoulders and hugged her.

"What is in the drawing-room, Genevieve? Tell me, or shall I go and look?"

Genevieve put up a hand to imprison hers in a grip like a trap.

"Be quiet," she murmured. "The doors in this house are not too thick. Sir Christopher Perrins is there."

"Sir Kit? Why didn't you tell me? I meant to go over to his house to-morrow. I'll just put my head in."

"No." The grip tightened. "Not yet. Not for a little while. He has the judge d'instruction with him."

"She means an inspector," said Victor casually. "A British

inspector of police, very impressive, and about as useful as a circus horse in the circumstances."

Margot met his eyes and grimaced sympathetically. In most households the police are sufficiently uncommon visitors to cause a certain excitement in the family circle, but Zoff had never been a respecter of the minor conventions. In the course of her career she had sent for the police many hundreds of times.

In earlier days the Prefecture had kept a special file for her complaints and a special officer to hear her troubles, and she had repaid the courtesy by performing at concerts in aid of police charities. It had been a most amicable arrangement.

"The jewels again, I suppose?" Margot spoke lightly, and before Victor could reply Genevieve came out strongly, her accent broad and convincing.

"That sort of thing. It is nothing, nothing at all." Then she scowled at Victor, who smiled over her head at Margot.

"The subject has been changed," he said. "Look, my dear, are you catching pneumonia before our eyes?" "She is!" Genevieve came back to practical matters with a rush. "You will come upstairs this instant, Margot. When you are dry you can come in to Madame. No, no more chatter, I forbid it. Come along, come along!"

She took the week-end case from Victor and, brushing him aside, seized the girl by the arm and propelled her firmly towards the staircase. Victor touched her hand as she passed. "We meet at dinner, then," he said, and turned away down the tiled passage.

The old woman glanced after him. "Now what is it?" she inquired.

"I'm not going to marry him. I told him last night."

"Eh bien?" Genevieve sounded unimpressed. She thrust the girl before her up the staircase. "These wars," she said breathlessly as they reached the top, "but for les guerres you would have been married these five years and Madame a great-grandmother. That is the trouble with these affiances, they do not keep well."

"I could hardly marry him when he was in Buenos Aires," Margot spoke defensively if indistinctly, as in the sanctuary of a bedroom her skirt was pulled relentlessly over her head.

"No?" agreed the old woman, panting from her exertions. "And if he were lying dead in a cellar after fighting for la patrie, you could not marry him either. Take off those knickers. They are wet also. Nonsense, I can feel them; they are damp also, I say."

A resigned and tousled Margot was clad only in a towel at the moment when the door opened. The bouquet of extravagantly unseasonable roses brought a waft of fragrance as it came slowly across the room, half hiding the figure who carried it.

The next moment there was a scream of amusement. The flowers flew away in a wide arc, leaving a shower of petals, as Zoff herself at her most boisterous threw out her arms.

"Darling, darling, darling! I was going to make a speech in my best manner, the old actress salutes the young new star, and what happens? You spoil it all, you and that imbecile old woman. Standing about naked! My dear, how lovely you are and how pink!"

She was laughing and crying and kissing and hugging, her years falling away from her like scattering hairpins, her eyes shining slits of black diamond in her dark skin.

Just for a moment Margot felt again the old childish thrill of apprehension which this tempestuous personality had always engendered in her whenever they met again after a little time.

She loved Zoff, owed her everything and admired her intensely, but she was still a little afraid of her, even now when the great actress was over seventy, and to touch her was to touch live wires.

As though she guessed something of the reaction, the celebrity became comparatively quiet.

"Pretty little chit," she said, kissing her again to smother her irritation. "How I love you. And I am glad to see you, do you know. Margot, what a terrible country this is, and what a horrible house. How I want to hear about somewhere else! How were all my dear Americans? What did they tell you about me?"

"You're tiring yourself," Genevieve cut in as though she were already half-way through an argument. "We shall all pay for this. Why couldn't you wait in your room until I brought her in to you? Look at all these flowers! Completely wasted! Besides, if you can afford flowers, why didn't you send a car to meet her? She's wet to the skin."

She waddled over to the roses as she spoke and gathered them up, shaking them angrily into some sort of order again. Zoff eyed her coldly and seated herself upon the bed as on a throne.

"No taxi," she inquired of Margot in bright, impersonal surprise. "What did I tell you? A terrible country! It is typical. Ma foi, what a nation!"

In repose Zoff was not, and never had been, beautiful. She was a big-boned woman, not over-tall, with a shrewd, bold face whose wide mouth and narrow eyes accentuated its character. Her visual charm lay in her grace, which was amazing. It transformed every movement and made lovely every pose.

The rest was vitality. Even now, when her lips were blue under her dark lipstick and her shock of hair was no longer gold but white and dry as linen, energy flowed from her in a stream. When she laughed, which was often, her eyes gave off little dark sparks.

"Cheerful," she said with superb disgust. "Do you know, cherie, the people here are always cheerful. It is a virtue here. I can't understand it! They wear hair shirts and go up and down smiling bravely, too polite to scratch. They are disgusting. For myself, I shall obviously die here."

She added quickly, "You mustn't tell Kit that. The old villain wants to turn me out of his horrible, dirty little house when I can no longer travel. He is a monster, that one."

-Margot bent over the china stockings Genevieve had produced and hid her smile. In this was the new persecution. One of Zoff's great virtues was openness. One was never mystified by her grievances. They came and went, but not in feasting secret. The family technique had become admirable, however, and Margot changed the subject.

"I wore the head-dress," she said.

"In Phedre?" Zoff was beguiled. "You are too tall, of course," she said quickly. "You would dwarf it. But I expect it gave you a little courage, eh? What was this new play, L'Amant? Very dramatic? No? You shall read it to me when I am not so tired, and I shall show you how it should be done, perhaps."

She went on dramatically, "I am very ill. Do you know that? Did Genevieve tell you? The doctor here, who is a complete fool, says one day I shall die."

"So shall we all, praise be," said Genevieve, who was still sulky. "The poor man told you should be quiet."

"Quiet?" The deep voice rose in a schooled crescendo. "How can I be anything but quiet in this absurd provincial backyard? I am being buried alive when I am as being actively murdered—"

"Tiens!" cut in Genevieve. "The poor child—"

"Of course," Zoff was patient. "My poor little Margot, half-drowned already, she does not want to hear about the old and the sick and the hideous. No, we must talk about her." She paused reflectively and the mischievous black eyes became thoughtful.

Margot climbed into a slip and smoothed the silk over her slender flanks. She was wailing, listening intently, her white-gold curls wild on the top of her head, her chin determined.

Zoff considered her, apparently dispassionately, and cocking her chin back suddenly, spoke over her shoulder.

"See those bones, Genevieve, those shadows there, blue is the white black. Mine were never so good, never. Not at my first confession. I had to make my way without much beauty. Still, it is a great deal. Even now when one knows how little it counts it takes one by the throat. You shall have a dark dress, petite, with no back at all."

The voice ceased only for an instant. Almost without a break she added briefly:

"So my poor grandson Victor Soubise is not now sufficiently exalted for the talented Mademoiselle Robert?"

"Oh, Zoff!" Margot went round, the color pouring into her face. This was Zoff at her naughtiest, unfair and enjoying it. "Don't, darling. Don't go and take it like that. I wanted to talk it over with you. It never occurred to me that Victor would come rushing to you before I could get here."

"Why should he not?" Zoff was playing the matriarch, looking the part and not entirely acting. Behind her were many generations of small landowners in the Sud and she was dealing now with a problem which would have been perfectly understood by any one of them.

"Your marriage to Victor

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has been arranged since you were fifteen," she said. "It is only the wretched accident of war which has kept you apart in these important years. It is a serious family business. There is property to consider."

There it was, of course. Zoff had placed a finger on a vital spot. As she said, there was a great deal of property to consider.

As she was fond of pointing out, other actresses acquired other things. Sarah Bernhardt preferred lions, for instance. But Zoff had concentrated always on property, and now, even though France had been occupied twice in a generation, much of it remained.

To begin with there was almost the whole of the famous Cap d'Azur, midway between Nice and Cannes.

Both Zoff and Genevieve had been born there when the place had been no more than a hamlet, but when she had inherited the estate which covered the shore-line she had not sold it, but had put money into its development and had used her friends to make it fashionable.

During the brief glory of her second marriage, to Megard, the perfume king, that time, money had poured into her ventures, and even after the occupation her faithful old notary could write very optimistically of leases and ground rents.

The Cap was by no means all the real estate. There was the block of luxury apartments in Paris which she had converted herself out of the mansion in the Rue de St. Anne.

This had been her widow's portion from her first husband, the same Comte d'Hiver, whose memory she had so abused in the famous case which had shocked all Paris and nearly cost her her popularity.

Then there was the super-hotel in Lyons which she had bought for a song in the scare of '17, and the quay and the warehouses at Port Marius, inherited from her own grandmother, the redoubtable Mere Zoffany of fabulous memory.

Lately there were the two fine vineyards in the Rhone, the deeds of which poor Lampre, the great turf accountant, was said to have sent her from his deathbed. They were hidden in the straw of a champagne bottle, so it was said, and so passed unnoticed through a ravening multitude of creditors who swarmed over the ante-rooms in his fine house.

All these were still flourishing, all paying dividends. Zoff had picked her agents with genius and had had a flair for holding on at the right time. Also, of course, there were the jewels.

Yes, certainly there was property to consider.

Margot stood looking at Zoff now, following the train of thought behind the narrow forehead. The old woman was thinking of her possessions and what was to become of them.

In this matter she was not so free as one might have thought. Under French law there is no nonsense about dis-inheriting one's relatives. In France, if the children must inherit their parents' sins to the third and fourth generation, they do at least receive their property also.

Everybody knew how Zoff's fortune must be disposed. She had only two direct descendants, two grandsons. These were the cousins Victor and Denis, sons of her two daughters, one by each of her marriages.

Therefore, by the law of the land, each grandson must receive a full third of the whole of the estate, and only the remaining third was free. This last portion was settled on Margot, save for certain sums left to Genevieve and other dependents.

It was all very simple and utterly inescapable. And yet, like many others who have built up fortunes by unswerving personal effort, Zoff recoiled from dividing hers. She had seen its power grow, had nearly lost it twice to the Boches, and now again felt the thrill of holding it. To her it was a living thing.

For its sake the marriage between Margot and Victor had been planned when the boy was in the schoolroom and the girl in the nursery. Denis, the other grandson, remained. Even Zoff had discovered there was no way round Denis.

Certainly she had done her best. The scandalous case which she brought in the French courts after her quarrel with her elder daughter, the sickly Elise d'Hiver, had almost cost her her career.

The suggestion that a mother could get up in open court and swear that the baby she had carried in her arms at the famous reception when her secret marriage to d'Hiver was first announced was not her own child was too much even for the most delicious of fans.

Zoff lost and retired for a time. Elise died in childbirth after her marriage to a penniless American soldier of the First World War. But even after he too had lost his life in Picardy there was still the baby, still Denis.

The boy had been a thorn in Zoff's side all his life. He

had been brought up by servants on the small portion his mother had received from her father, and he had had no help from Zoff.

Even this new war had not obliterated him. He had taken part in the Resistance Movement, and, a second-year medical student, he had worked underground attending to the wounds of men fighting the invader. After a dozen hair-breadth escapes Denis remained.

At this very moment he was finishing his training in a London hospital, studying to take the final degrees he had not had time to acquire before the terror swept over the land again. When Zoff died, one third of her fortune must be his.

There was no avoiding it. One third at least must be whittled off the whole, and now she was being asked to divide again.

All this Margot followed perfectly as she stood in the big bedroom looking thoughtfully at the old woman. She felt the situation was archaic. It was exasperating, belonging to an older world, but there it was, it was true.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I'm so sorry. Do, oh, do understand."

ZOFF tilted her chin. It was a characteristic movement, curiously resourceful.

"You have decided against Victor, utterly?"

"Yes—that is, only, of course, that I don't want to marry him."

"Eh bien. This change in your heart, it had taken place on your trip to New York, yes?"

"No, not exactly. I decided finally on my way back, on board. But I've been thinking of it for some time, ever since I first saw Victor again when he got back from South America. How long is that?—six months at least."

She was speaking earnestly but with caution. It was happening in the worst possible way. Zoff was forewarned and forearmed, and her personality was a force one had to fight against all the time.

"You took a dislike to Victor? You thought him changed? He was not a hero, he had not fought. Was that it?"

The black eyes were penetrating and Margot looked away. It was not going to be possible to explain to Zoff that a man who had seemed a thrilling mystery of graceful sophistication to a girl of eighteen had become a rather spiteful old-ladyish bachelor in the eyes of an experienced woman of twenty-four.

Zoff would not be interested in any such revelation. Her retort might easily be that a husband was not a lover, and what did one expect. Zoff still lived in an older France. Margot sighed and returned to the battle.

"Victor does not love me, and I don't love him," she said. "We never have, except as brother and sister. That won't do for marriage, Zoff, not nowadays. Don't worry about the property, my dear. Let him have my share as well as his own. You're free to give it to him. I'm not a relative. You've done everything for

me and I'm more than grateful. I owe you everything and I love you, but I don't want any more. I'll be all right, Zoff. Don't worry about me. Count me out."

Genevieve had come up behind the bed, and now both the old faces, which were alike only in their expressions, were lifted anxiously toward the young one. Absently Zoff put up her hand and touched Genevieve's, which lay on her shoulder. She spoke for them both.

"Margot," she said, "there is one thing that we must know at once, immediately, now. Who is the man?"

"The man?"

"Yes, ma chere, the man. The man you have decided to marry instead of Victor. What is his name?"

Margot began to laugh.

"Idiot!" she said. "Of course there isn't anybody. I should have told you at once."

"No one?" Zoff's eyebrows looked like circumflex accents.

"I hope you are not unnatural," she went on devastatingly. "No, of course not; it is one of those enormous Americans, more rich than I am, perhaps. Take no notice of him. Forget him. He will take you out of Europe. You'll never see your home again."

"Zoff, don't be absurd. This is the truth, really. There is nobody."

Zoff sniffed noisily and unromantically. She got up and put her arm through Margot's.

"Perhaps she's not such a bad vedette after all, eh, Genevieve? A very pretty ingenue performance, cherie. Come with me and see what I have done to make this miserable kennel habitable. Poor Kit is so angry with me."

Now she was smiling roughly. "I have bribed an old bricklayer to help me to go round the bestial restrictions with which this infantile country surrounds itself, and I have thrown all the three front bedrooms into one grand salon. It is not good, but it is better than being stifled."

"She has ruined the house," remarked Genevieve placidly.

"Sir Kit has been gallant, but the tears came into his poor eyes when he saw it." She slipped a negligee on to the girl. "Run along. I will bring you a dress and you can do your hair in there."

Margot was not deceived. This brilliant digressing was one of Zoff's favorite manoeuvres. She would return to the main subject the moment Margot's own guard came down. All the same, the alterations sounded startling, and proved to be so when they crossed the hall to see the room.

Zoff had done just what she said. Two walls had come down and now the whole front of the house was transformed into one enormous apartment, in which her own huge roccoco bed was almost lost. It was impressive but, for anyone but the chere maitresse, utterly impracticable.

"The others," said Zoff magnificently, "sleep elsewhere. There are little rooms downstairs and attics also. Quite comfortable, I believe. I have not been up there because of my poor heart. Do you like it?"

"It's amazing," said Mar-

got truthfully. "Extraordinary, darling. Can they keep it warm?"

"Seventy feet long exactly," Zoff spoke with satisfaction. "I take my exercise, walking once up and once down. By putting mirrors at each end I feel I am going further. You don't like it, you silly little bourgeoisie."

"I do, in a way. I don't think it was necessary."

"That is what Kit said. That man has a mean soul. He wants me to leave here because his son, who is a general coming home from the East, wishes to live in it with his hideous wife and children. I am beset by everybody. Margot, tell me, tell me quickly, is it Denis?"

The final question was a gentle hiss, loud enough to fill a theatre, and the strong fingers sank into the girl's forearm.

Although she had been waiting for the attack, the suddenness of it took Margot by surprise. She stiffened.

"Denis?"

"Yes, this man you intend to marry. Is it Denis?"

"Zoff, you're mad. Of course not. Denis doesn't want to marry anybody. Haven't you seen him, darling? He's a fanatic. He's crazy about his work. He'll never have time for marriage."

Zoff grunted. "I have seen him," she said with curious bitterness. "Since he has been in London he has become the dutiful grandson. At any rate, he has come to see me twice. As you say, he is fanatical."

She paused and added casually: "But I hear that you have seen him. You have dined with him."

"Yes, twice, before I left for the States. He came to the theatre and took me out for a meal. He talked all the time about his work while we ate."

"In some filthy little cabinet of a restaurant, no doubt."

"Not a very grand place, no. He has no money, Zoff. To escape the catechism Margot took refuge in a question which had been worrying her.

"Zoff, I know it's nothing to do with me, but do you pay Sir Kit for this house?" she said.

"Pay him?" The celebrity was aghast. "It is he who should pay me to live in the abominable ruin. Of course I do not pay him. I am his guest."

Margot hesitated. "I don't think he's very well off. The war has hit him badly, you know."

"Dommage," Zoff shrugged her shoulders. "We cannot help his troubles. He is very honored to have me here. Poor Kit, he loved me very much once. Sometimes even now he loves me a little still. Do you find that disgusting?"

Margot blinked. Zoff really was a terror. Age seemed to be playing round her rather than touching her; just trying to get a word in edgeways, perhaps.

"Love is a very awkward thing," the great actress was apostrophising. "That is why these family marriages, which are all-important, should take place when one is very young. If one is young enough one can love anything. I expect that is why people cry when youth confronts them suddenly. It is envy."

She cocked her head on one side and prodded the girl's shoulder with a long forefinger.

"Should love arrive when one is older it is a different matter. To love is to become molten, you understand, and to pour one's self into a die. Afterwards, whatever one does, the pattern remains. If one escapes the first man, one loves again another exactly like him, and so on for ever. It is very serious."

She seated herself in the high-backed chair which had stood at the end of her bed ever since Margot could remember.

"You ate in a dirty estaminet," she observed, "and yet, ma chere, you went again to dine with Denis."

"Oh, leave Denis out of it!" In spite of her caution the young voice was raw, and Zoff's eyes flickered with sudden pain. Immediately her entire mood changed.

"As I get older I think too much and too quickly," she announced. "Poor petite, you will forgive old Zoff. She grows silly ideas as the other old women do. Now get yourself dressed. As for me, I must go down. I have a policeman to talk to."

She got up slowly and moved over to the door, and for the first time it occurred to the girl that she had grown a little tottery. But on the threshold it was the old Zoff who looked back, mischief on her broad face.

"I have to tell him I have made a stupid mistake," she said. "I wish I was your age. In that case, of course, it would be he who would have to apologise."

There was nothing ominous in her words, but as the door closed behind her Margot shivered. She sat down before the dressing-table to do her hair.

Sir Christopher Perrins walked sadly down the corridor. The house was his own but he hardly recognised it. Since Zoff had bedevilled it, the familiar atmosphere of sanctuary had disappeared altogether. The angry police inspector at his side was an anachronism if ever he met one.

In his youth Kit Perrins had been one of those happy little men whose round faces and smiling good humor sometimes deceive people into believing that they can have neither brains nor deep feelings.

Both in the diplomatic and the elegant sporting circles which revolved round the great country houses of those days he had been a great favorite without being a great figure. It was only afterwards that his friends, looking back on him, realised how sound he had been, and also how nearly the tragic elements in his story must have touched him.

His marriage had been a miserable failure, but he never complained and no one heard of the bitterness brought into his life by the cold, greedy woman who had shared forty years of it. His fortune dwindled inevitably in the changing years, and a country never generous to the men on whom she relies had rewarded him hardly at all for a lifetime of service.

Yet at seventy-odd—he was jocularly evasive about the "odd"—he remained a round



and smiling person, old only by his wrinkles and a slight unsteadiness in his freckled hands.

At this instant he was deeply shocked. During his long friendship with Zoff she had provided him with plenty of awkward moments. For nearly fifty years she had retained her ability to startle the wits out of him, and on rarer occasions to scandalise his sophisticated soul.

To-day she had done it again. His round brown eyes were reproachful. This final scene, which had taken place not ten minutes before when she had calmly rescinded all her dreadful accusations of the morning, this really had taken a deal of swallowing.

He glanced up at the furious policeman who walked beside him.

"The French are volatile," he ventured.

"Old ladies are often difficult, you mean," Inspector Lee spoke bluntly. He was a big man, heavily built, with an intelligent face which normally wore a mild, not to say resigned, expression. But at the moment he was irritated beyond endurance and did not care if he showed it.

Kit sighed. There were times when he half wished he had left Zoff to the Hun, but, as always, in the next breath he was ashamed.

"In her own country Madame Zoffany has been a little queen for a great many years."

"Oh, I understand perfectly, sir," The inspector cut him short because he could not bear to hear any more of it. When the complaint had arrived at the station it had promised something interesting and it was exasperating to find this explanation.

"I understand what you're telling me. She did it to annoy and now she's changed her mind. We often get that sort of thing, but usually," he added spitefully, "in a rather different walk of life. In the ordinary way, an old woman calls in a constable and hands him out a lot of nonsense, and he tells her to have a drop of hot comfort and sleep it off. I came round myself to-day because when we get a serious charge from this kind of address, there's usually something in it."

He paused and added heavily: "I think I can say that I've practically satisfied myself that there is nothing in it, but it's a very funny little incident, you will allow that."

"An unfortunate incident," corrected Sir Kit gently.

"Queer," persisted Lee, partly to get his own back. "It does make one wonder what her relations are with her grandsons, you know, and then—"

He broke off abruptly. Margot had turned the corner and was coming towards them. She wore a dark blue dinner dress whose color echoed her eyes and the effect was considerable.

Kit, who adored her and had been longing to see her, could have wished her anywhere else. She came forward, her hands outstretched.

"Here I am."

"Margot, my dear child!" Lee watched the embrace with gloomy interest. "This is the adopted granddaughter, I suppose?" he said.

Kit frowned. The man was in the right and had a griev-

LAST ACT by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

ance, but he was taking advantage of the position.

"This is Mademoiselle Robert, Inspector," he said stiffly. "A young friend and heir of Madame Zoffany's. Margot, I shall be with you in a moment. It's good to see you, my dear. The trip doesn't seem to have hurt you."

It was on the tip of Lee's tongue to say that the young lady looked bonny wherever she had been, but he checked it. The girl looked human enough, but they were all alike, these people. When one of them created trouble they all crowded round and made a screen like players on a football ground round the man who has lost his shorts.

Just as she was moving off, however, an idea occurred to him. As she passed him he turned on her.

"You're the young lady who made Madame Zoffany change her mind, are you?" At once he was aware of scoring. The girl looked startled but wary, and the old man colored but recovered himself at once.

"You underestimate Madame Zoffany, Inspector," he said easily. "No one on earth has ever changed her mind for her. It—er—follows some weathercock law of its own, don't you know. Mademoiselle Robert has only just returned from a trip abroad and has not yet heard anything of the mistake which brought you here to-night. I was rather hoping she never would."

He paused briefly, and added, "And now, Inspector, there's nothing I can do but repeat my sincere apologies. Margot, I think dinner has gone in. I'll join you in the dining-room, my dear."

Lee recognised dismissal. Deep in that quiet voice of the old school lay a chorus of other voices, neither so soft nor so courteous, voices of lawyers, voices of magistrates, voices of high-ranking police officials addressing subordinates who had exceeded their duty. He gave in regretfully.

Margot smiled good-bye and went down the corridor, leaving a breath of L'Heure Bleue behind her.

Lee followed Sir Kit to the front door, where they parted amicably. But the inspector went out into the rain wondering if he had not perhaps stumbled on something after all. Had the old man been far too anxious for him not to question the girl? Lee could not be sure. The household would bear keeping in mind.

Sir Kit hurried back through the hall. He felt tired and heartily ashamed of the whole shocking business. It was not fair of Zoff, it really was not fair. He was very angry with her.

He brightened a little as he entered the dining-room. Of all corners of the house it had most nearly escaped the tenant's innovating hand. The worn Chinese wall-paper and austere late Georgian mahogany remained much as he remembered them as a child, and the atmosphere was warm and safe and polite still as it had been long ago when his Aunt Birdwood, who had left him the house, had first entertained him at her luncheon table.

Victor and Margot were already seated when he came

in, a place left empty for him between them. Evidently Zoff had decided not to appear. She seldom came down to dine these days, but Kit understood that she was keeping out of his way to-night.

It was even just possible that she was a little ashamed of herself. He hoped so. At the same time he missed her. She might have come down, he thought, she might have come down.

Margot was pleased to see him, that was some compensation. She was laughing across the room at him now and patting the chair beside her.

As usual, Felix was waiting on them. He had been in Zoff's service for something like thirty-five years and had never, by Sir Kit's standards, ventured within assessable distance of becoming a reasonable servant.

He was an old man now, thin and slightly seedy, with greasy hair and depressed eyes. Kit said he was like a waiter in a boulevard cafe and in the early days had remonstrated with Zoff about him.

"But he never sleeps, mon ami," she had protested. "It is such an accomplishment."

So Felix had remained and here he was still, creeping about in black felt slippers, serving sloppily, and listening to the conversation without pretence.

To-night he did remember to pull out the chair, however, and Kit sat down gratefully to tepid soup and his dear Margot.

"I started," said Victor. "I hope you'll forgive me. I sat watching a slice of carrot congealing and I felt it or I should be put out of our misery. The Law has departed, has it?"

"At last," Kit scowled over his spoon. "An unfortunate business safely concluded," he added with a finality calculated to silence even Victor. "Zoff given us anything to drink?"

Felix filled his glass with sherry. "Imported by the Government, m'sieu."

Kit received the bad news philosophically. "And then?"

"Then the Latour, m'sieu,

since Mademoiselle has returned."

Kit's smile re-emerged and he dropped a hand over Margot's.

"So nice to see you, my dear," he said, meaning it. "Nice about the Latour, too, eh? I cursed Zoff's baggage when she arrived, but I see her wisdom now. We had a furniture van to bring her trunks from the docks. The war had started, too. Bless my soul, I don't know how she did it."

"Les pourboires." Fortunately Felix did not speak aloud, although his lips formed the words. Experience had taught him not to interject remarks when Sir Kit was at table, but he still made a token of doing so to prove to himself that he was not subservient. When Zoff noticed the manoeuvre it amused her immensely.

"This may be the wrong moment, but I should like to hear—" Victor was beginning when Margot shook her head at him.

"The meal is special for me," she said. "We're having everything I like best, as far as it's possible these days. How's that for a welcome home?"

Victor shrugged his shoulders.

"Have it your own way," he said irritably, "but I can't see that this is a thing we can laugh off. At least someone ought to warn Denis not to come here."

"My dear fellow—" Sir Kit passed a weary hand over his forehead—"my dear, dear fellow, not with the Latour, eh?"

"As you wish," Victor seemed determined to behave like a spoilt child. "I only feel you're making a dangerous mistake in taking it for granted that Zoff didn't realise quite what she was saying. I can't put it any plainer than that, can I?"

Sir Kit laid down his knife and fork.

"Zoff has withdrawn her disgraceful accusation against Denis," he said slowly. "She has taken back every word of it in front of the police. Really, you know, I think we

must leave it there."

"I heard about that from Gen'vieve. All the same, if Zoff ever believed—"

"Really—Victor." Sir Kit's fury was mounting dangerously. "I shall be obliged if you will let this disgraceful subject drop. Young Cotton has been slandered, actionably so, don't doubt that. The very least we can do is to be silent. Zoff must be out of her mind and Denis has my profound sympathy."

"That's very nice of you, Sir Kit." The voice from the doorway behind them was very deep. The tone was casual and friendly, but the actual timbre was characteristic and unforgettable. Margot swung round at it, Victor was silenced, and the atmosphere of the room changed as a new force flowed into it.

"Denis, my dear fellow." Sir Kit placed his glass in safety and prepared to rise.

"Please don't, sir." The newcomer advanced to shake hands, the light from the candles on the table lending him an elegance which was not his by right. He was strong and compact, taller than Victor and a shade more heavily built.

In face he bore no likeness whatever to his cousin. He was fair, with a firm, ugly jaw and grave, deep-set eyes, and he did not belong to Victor's world nor yet to Kit's. There was a modern utilitarian sturdiness about him which made them both look a little old-fashioned.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said, "but the trains were against me. Gen'vieve let me in and sent me straight here. Hallo, Margot. Hallo, Soubise. I'll come and sit over there by you, Victor, if I may—so I can look at you, Margot."

He was more at ease than any of them, and the most outstanding thing about him was a certain authority, as vigorous in its way as Zoff's own. They were all attracted to him and all resented it.

The clash stimulated the conversation and yet constrained it, and the faint note of uneasiness, almost of danger, which had been sounding in the house ever since

Margot entered it, became more apparent as the meal progressed. Kit kept the table rolling gallantly and Denis assisted him, but the other two were unusually silent. And yet it was on Felix that Denis had the most visible effect.

For a time, at any rate, he waited almost well, exhibiting a most uncharacteristic deference. So Felix remembered a jaw and a voice like that also, did he? Sir Kit had forgotten the rufian had been in service so many years.

With the loss came Zoff's second surprise for the newcomer, a bottle of pink champagne. It was far too sweet for Kit's taste, but the sight of it delighted him. For a minute or two it brought back to him a lost world which had been very lovely, so that there he was again in it with a beautiful girl laughing at him over a tall glass while little round bubbles danced between them.

He was suddenly so happy that he had forgotten the trial of the day, and it was with a wave of pure rage that he heard Victor breaking into chatter.

"How much longer have you over here, Cotton?"

"At the hospital? About three weeks."

"And you go back at me after that?"

"Good heavens, yes!" The youngster was fervent. "I've been away too long already."

"Is there so much to do?" It was Margot. She was sitting up straight, watching him with eyes as darkly blue as the china of her plate.

"So much that I—" he began, and broke off laughing.

"I told her," he said, turning to Kit. "I sat and told her until the waiters put the chairs on the café tables. I talked and talked until my voice gave out and she was white with exhaustion. There is a lot to do, of course. The upheaval has unleashed no one knows what. It'll take a lifetime to get it under, and that means hurry."

He spoke without attention, and Sir Kit warned him.

"I saw my old friend Anthony Watkin the other day," he remarked. "He told me you're doing rather brilliantly at St. Mark's. That so?"

Denis colored. "That was very handsome of him," he said. "I had a certain amount of experience with the Maquis, of course."

"You're a surgeon?"

"I hope to specialise on the side."

"Good luck to you," said Sir Kit, making the cliché seem felt.

"Good luck to you indeed," agreed Victor seriously. "As a life it sounds like torture to me. I don't think I could face Europe these days. People in the mass give me the heave, even when they're not displaced. Three weeks, you say? Then you probably won't be coming down here again. I think that's wise."

He spoke with apparent sincerity, and Denis turned in his chair.

"You mean that kindly, I hope?" he said, laughing.

"I do." Victor's heavy lids disappeared into his head, leaving his eyes unexpectedly disarming. "I do. I simply feel you ought to be told. And the others ought to realise it too. Zoff wouldn't do a really dreadful thing like this out of mere caprice. You don't know Zoff."

The final injustice was too

Two versions of the Bible:

THE SONG OF SOLOMON

● Passage chosen this week for comparison of the new Revised Standard Version with the King James Bible is from the beautiful Song of Solomon (2:8-13).

King James Version

8 The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

9 My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, shewing himself through the lattice.

10 My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.

11 For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

12 The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

13 The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Revised Standard Version

(8) The voice of my beloved!

Behold, he comes, leaping upon the mountains, bounding over the hills.

(9) My beloved is like a gazelle, or a young stag.

Behold, there he stands behind our wall,

gazing in at the windows, looking through the lattice.

(10) My beloved speaks and says to me: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away;"

(11) for lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

(12) The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land.

(13) The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth fragrance.

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

such for Sir Kit, who all but choked. Margot intervened. "Zoff's is a world of italics," she said. "Don't let's be puzzled by it. I haven't mastered the exact details of the present excitement, but I suppose Zoff has been to the police again about her jewels. Isn't that it? And I suppose that this time she mentioned Denis, because he's the newest arrival."

No one spoke, and she went on. "It's very awkward, I know, but then it always is, isn't it? Zoff's jewellery has been the centre of family crises ever since we were children. Practically the first thing I remember is Zoff losing an emerald ear-ring and accusing Genevieve of selling it to buy candles to coax a husband out of St. Catherine."

There was an uncomfortable silence as she finished, and even the clatter Felix made with the fruit plates sounded nervous. Denis drew a pattern with his forefinger in a patch of salt which had been spilled on the polished wood. When at last he looked up at her his smile was apologetic.

"My grandmother isn't very keen on me," he said, evidently attempting to make the statement as light as he could. "I'm afraid she feels I may be over-anxious to inherit the money I need for my clinic in Caen, and when I told her I was coming down to-day she appealed for police protection. I'm afraid she thinks I may attempt to kill her. That's it, isn't it, Sir Kit?"

"Oh—oh dear," said Margot inadequately. "She couldn't have meant it. I

★ TWO-PART MYSTERY NOVEL

mean, I've never known her do anything quite so dreadful as this. But she wouldn't really honestly mean it. Zoff—well, Zoff does do things."

"What did you say to her upstairs that made her change her mind?" Victor put the question curiously, his eyes on her face. They were all looking at her and she spread out her hands.

"Nothing. I didn't even know about it, you see. I only had ten minutes or so with her when I was changing." Her voice died away as the truth dawned on her with sudden brutality.

Zoff knew. Of course. In some terrifying intuitive way of her own, Zoff had found out. As soon as Zoff had seen her she had known about the humiliating thing that had happened to her, the same thing which even now was tying up her tongue and playing exasperating tricks with her breath.

Zoff had not been surprised, that was one mercy. There was no folly in the whole repertoire of womankind which was unknown to Zoff.

It would never have struck her as incomprehensible that a successful, sought-after young woman, experienced and sophisticated, should find herself helpless and unhappy because she could not forget even for an hour a fanatic with a pleasant voice whose heart was set on other things.

Even the fact that this miracle should have happened after only two meetings would

not have astonished Zoff. She would have seen it as a disaster but not an improbability.

Her first act had been typically practical. Immediately on the discovery she had withdrawn at once an accusation which was so outrageous that it must increase the young man's interestingness to any attracted eyes.

Margot felt a stab of apprehension. Zoff was never discreet. It was bad enough to suffer this lonely cruelty without the knowledge that it was being discussed.

She crept guiltily out of her thoughts, to find Kit doing his best to save the ruin of a fine dinner.

"Felix," he was saying, "as the oldest guest present, I think I might tell you to go and find some of our hostess' Courvoisier."

"Madame said to serve the Napoleon to-night, m'sieu."

"Good heavens, has she still got some?" Sir Kit was startled out of all his troubles. "An amazing woman," he said reverently. "Well, well, Margot, my dear, you must come home again."

So Zoff had raised her little finger and twiddled poor Kit around it once more. Yet damage had been done. The three young people were quiet and there was constraint between them, while the rain on the windows made angry little patches of sound in the long silences.

The drawing-room at Clough House, Bridgewick,

had been designed in a quiet age. Its white panelled walls were not very tall but in their time they had embraced with ease twenty couples at the polka, and they were hung with old color engravings in delicate oval frames.

Kit's Aunt Birdwood had left her best walnut there, and, dotted about on the flowered carpet like vast old ladies picnicking, were companies of wing armchairs with wide, hard seats and chintz petticoats half hiding their stout claw feet.

Into this prim haven Zoff had crammed her own more flamboyant treasures, and the effect was both disturbing and a mite exciting, as if Madame de Pompadour had come to tea with Jane Austen.

FELIX served coffee there after dinner, another concession to Sir Kit, who enjoyed the small formality. There was a coal fire on the hearth, the faded silk curtains were drawn against the rain, and when Margot was safely settled behind the silver tray the old man came sauntering in, neat and happy, a cigar between his lips.

She glanced up at him slyly and thought how charming he was and yet how pathetic, as he enjoyed so eagerly the little scraps of elegance left in a world from which the silver plate had almost worn away.

"They've gone out to look at Victor's car," he said, smiling down at her from his halo

of blue smoke. "They'll be in in a moment. It's an extraordinary thing how young men always want to inspect the fashionable method of locomotion the moment they've been properly fed. In my day we always trotted out to look at each other's horses, the things truly nearest our hearts, I suppose. Very interesting. You look very beautiful, my dear."

"Thank you, darling. Or isn't that right? What ought one to say to that remark? I never know."

"Nothing clever," he said promptly. "No sugar, my dear. Just the black coffee. Well, that passed off very well, considering, didn't you think? Denis behaved excellently, I thought."

Margot lay back in her chair, the deep blue of her dress enhancing the whiteness of her arms as they lay upon it.

"Not one of Zoff's jollier performances, though," she said at last.

"No," he agreed, "but still a Zoff. That made it all right, you know. It always has, and I only hope it always will. You were quite right when you said she lives her life in italics. She does, and everybody knows it, so it doesn't matter."

He sat down a little wearily and drew his chair closer to the fire.

"A dreadful accusation," he said. "Monstrous, of course. If anyone else had made it I don't know what one could have said about it. But you see, everybody recognises Zoff's

exaggerated temperament, if only subconsciously. No one took this seriously, not even the police."

He sighed. "That's that, then," he said.

Margot was silent. She sat looking at the blue flames among the red coals and the forefront of her mind was busy, or attempting to be busy, with Zoff and Kit in an idle speculation on the kind of relationship which must once have existed between them to produce this simple fidelity in him. But in the back of her mind she knew that he was waiting, listening, hoping for Denis to come in.

While resenting the fact bitterly, she could not escape from it. Once she fancied she did hear a step in the hall and her heart stirred roughly, disturbing her breath. She frowned and sat up impatiently.

"Kit, oughtn't we to get Zoff to go home to Cap d'Azur?"

"Eh?" He came out of his thoughts with a start. "I wish you would, my dear. I don't know how much she's said to you, but I admit I've gone so far as to suggest it. I'm in the devil of a position. This is my son's house. I made it over to him some years ago. Kind of a wedding present, as a matter of fact. Then the war came and he was kept in India and I offered it, with his consent, to Zoff for the duration. Now he's on his way home with a wife and young children and naturally he expects to live in it."

He paused and shook his head.

"She's not even happy here," he said sadly. "Between our

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selves, she's been very dissatisfied. First it was the cooking arrangements. Then she said the place was infested with flies, and we saw to that. And now she thinks the rooms are too small. Yet she won't let me have her flown back to the South. She could be there in a few hours, you know. She's thinking about her luggage. There's a ton of it and she'd have to have it crated and sent on after her. She doesn't like that."

He glanced round the room and she followed his eyes. Zoff's belongings were everywhere, none of them looking particularly movable. The Vincennes candelabras alone—each slender branch a mass of exquisite porcelain flowers—presented an alarming packing problem.

"Hullo, clock-stopped." He got up and trotted across the room. "That won't do. Zoff's superstitious about things like that."

The clock was a great possession. It had been made by Jerome Martinot for Henri XIV and it stood over four feet high, a graceful if extravagant gesture in ornolu and buhl, with a bold enamel face and a gilt Father Time on its crest. The screws supporting its heavy bracket must have defaced Aunt Birdwood's pitch-pine panelling and its flamboyance made the Wheatleys pale, but taken by itself it was a lovely thing.

Zoff adored it. It had been given her by a king and she insisted on taking it with her everywhere she went, despite Genevieve's protests that she might more conveniently have adopted a steam roller as a mascot.

Margot sat watching Kit's precise back as he unlocked the case.

"All right?" she inquired. "Margot, come here." His tone startled her and sent her over to him.

"What is it?" she demanded, and he stepped back to show her.

The hands of the clock were slender and finely wrought but they were made of iron and were very strong. And yet someone had forced them out of the true, wrenching the pins and twisting the points. Inside, the pendulum lay flat in the case, its shaft broken in two.

She stood staring at the damage, the senseless spite of it sending the color out of her face. In this house, where so much had been talked of mock violence, this example of the genuine thing was startling.

Someone had been considerably exerted to do wanton harm. In Aunt Birdwood's drawing-room the discovery seemed blankly incredible.

"I can't believe it," she said.

"Touch the bell, will you my dear?" Kit's head was still half in the clock.

Felix arrived after an interval. He came sidling round the door, openly reproachful at the extra journey, but when he saw the trouble his jaw dropped.

He cursed aloud, then burst into a noisy flood of patois. "It is a portent, this. A bad omen. There is an enemy. Someone, some vandal, some unspeakable pig has been in the house. We shall have serious trouble. Madame will be enraged. She must be told at once. Possibly it will kill her."

"All the more reason she

LAST ACT by MARGERY ALLINGHAM

should not be told." Kit spoke testily. "Don't make such an infernal noise, Felix. Don't be a fool, my man. Pull yourself together. Go and fetch Genevieve and—no word to Madame."

As the door closed, he added, "I never did like that fellow. An unbalanced boor and a bad servant, in my opinion. A nasty business, this, Margot. Some wretched charwoman with a grievance, I suppose."

"A very strong charwoman," Margot spoke absently and found him staring at her. He opened his mouth to speak and changed his mind.

He was holding the pendulum shaft and peering at the break through one glass of his pince-nez when Genevieve appeared with Felix behind her. She was furious; the very set of her head shawl betrayed it. Her sturdy figure advanced on the clock, her small eyes surveyed it, and then she faced them.

"Margot, you have only been back ten minutes and then this occurs. Madame will be beside herself."

Kit grimaced. "Neither myself nor Miss Margot are guilty," he said with a touch of superiority which always annoyed Genevieve. "You have some cleaner with a grudge against you, I'm afraid."

"There is no cleaner save myself." The old woman's French was as broad as her bosom. "Do you think I would permit one of these clumsy foreigners in here with Madame's priceless valuables? No! If I did, this is what I should expect. One of the household has done this. I know what Madame will say."

"But, Genevieve, that's ridiculous and it's also very rude." Margot's protest was firm. "Was the clock all right when you came in to light the fire?"

"Naturally it was. Poor Madame, this will set her off again on her rants. I tell you, petite, I know what I know."

"They have no sense of insult." Sir Kit made the observation with infuriating detachment. "I've noticed it time and again. Genevieve, that will do. Not a word to Madame Zoffany. I'll get a man in at once and we'll get everything put right before she hears of it. We can go into the mystery later. The repairs are the main thing. Meanwhile, you must keep her out of this room if you can."

Some of the fury died out of Genevieve's eyes at this promise of escape from the storm she anticipated, but she was still flustered.

"It will not be difficult," she said dryly. "Monsieur le docteur is with her now."

"The doctor?"

"He was expected. It was arranged yesterday. Madame desires Mademoiselle to see him."

Kit glanced questioningly at Margot, but she shook her head.

"This is the first I've heard of it. I'll come up with you now, Genevieve. Kit, my dear, are you sure we can leave this to you? It seems a frightful imposition."

"Yes, yes, run along. I'll see to it. Don't tell Zoff."

Felix shuffled forward.

"Madame will expect to know," he murmured, but wilted before the look that Kit gave him.

Genevieve touched the ornolu moulding with a caressing forefinger.

"Quel dommage," she said softly. "It is a horror, this, to happen to such an old friend. Come, mademoiselle."

Margot went after her. Why Zoff should have arranged for her to interview her doctor at this time of night she had no idea. It signified nothing, of course. In that house Zoff's whim was the only reason for everything.

A recollection occurred to her as she walked slowly up the stairs behind the panting old woman.

"I have to go to London tomorrow. There's a luncheon. It's being given for me. I'll be back in the evening."

"So much the better," Genevieve was breathing heavily. "It is not right that Madame should be alone with this young Cotton."

"That's idiotic, darling."

"Very well," Genevieve paused on the step to raise a crumpled, angry face. "See monsieur le docteur, and if Madame is mistaken, then tell me this: why does he come? Nobody wants him. Why does he come?"

MMARGOT had nothing to say. The question had been there in her own mind.

"You see?" Genevieve was breathless. "It is quite possible that Madame is not being mistaken. It is possible that he has something in mind." She went on again, hauling her heavy body upward by the banisters. Once on the landing, she glanced round.

"Ah," she said. "Here is monsieur le docteur waiting. M'sieu, permit me, this is Mademoiselle Robert. Mademoiselle, monsieur le docteur Philip Ledbury."

Margot turned to meet Zoff's latest doctor. After years of experience she was prepared to find him any variety, eminent, unknown, or witch, yet the man who came smoothly towards her, his hand outstretched, was unexpected. He was young and gravely good-looking in a way long since out of fashion.

Sleek golden hair flowed back from his high forehead. Perfect features were covered with a milky skin, and the hand which touched hers was long and white and gentle. His aplomb was superb. He swooped down upon her and gathered her into his confidence in an instant.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, Mademoiselle Robert. I wonder if we could go in here and talk for a moment? I don't know whose room it is. Oh, yours? Splendid. I just want a few words with you in private."

He turned to Genevieve. "You'll go in to Madame Zoffany, will you, Genevieve? You'll find her perfectly comfortable, I think. Just see she keeps the lights lowered to-night, won't you? I think she's been a little unwise to read and write by artificial light. That's all right, then. In here, Mademoiselle Robert."

He parted them and swept them into the two doors with the ease and energy of a sheep-

dog at the trials. He talked all the time, his voice brisk and persuasive, but he did not smile. Not even a polite curl disturbed the perfection of his mouth or lit the cold greyness of his eyes.

Margot went into the bedroom, and he followed her and seated himself upon the bed without apology.

"It's so difficult to speak frankly before servants, however old and trusted, don't you think? I wonder if you'll smoke? You won't? Oh, splendid. But do if you'd rather." He put away his case with a little snap, drew up one knee, which he clasped, and surveyed her earnestly over it.

"Now I know you're not a grandchild," he began. "Zoff—she lets me call her Zoff, by the way, because she knew my grandfather in Vienna, which is rather sweet of her—well, Zoff has explained everything to me, and I saw at once, of course, that you were the person with whom I should have my little chat."

Margot nodded encouragingly. She had placed him now as a product of one of the older universities who for some family reason must have taken up medicine. His type abounded in the other professions. She sat down on the dressing-stool.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Ah, you see that, do you? That's very good. Quite excellent. Sometimes relatives don't realise their responsibilities." He was still unsmiling, still clasping one long, thin shin. "Of course my sole interest is in my patient. You do understand that, don't you? I'm not in the least concerned with dear old Zoff's family affairs, but I am desperately interested in her health."

"Naturally," she murmured, and he cocked an eyebrow at her and relaxed a little.

"At any rate, I'm convinced of one thing. She must not be allowed to see this young Maquis recruit of a grandson of hers again. As her doctor I forbid it. I can't put it plainer, can I?"

"I don't suppose you can," she said stiffly. Her first reaction was one of intense irritation. His airy reference to Denis' war service was distasteful.

But her next thought was more disturbing. Surely no professional man would make a statement like this without good reason? Something must have been happening in this big, brightly lit house that she did not understand at all.

The doctor was still talking. "I am relying on you to see that I am obeyed," he was saying. "They must not meet, either alone or with other people present. She is wonderfully strong constitutionally, but there's a definite heart murmur there and of course she's not young. The time has come when she must take care of herself."

Margot looked at him in astonishment. This description of Zoff's heart trouble was very different from the picture she had received from the woman herself.

"I thought she was seriously ill," she said.

"Seriously, but not dangerously," he corrected her pedantically. "The actual condition is not alarming, or even unusual, in one her age, but those

two attacks were so extraordinary—and, if I may say so between ourselves, so significant—that I really must insist that every possible precaution is taken. I do hope I make myself clear."

"I don't think I know about the attacks." She was sitting up stiffly, her head a little on one side, her eyes alarmed. She looked very lovely and he warmed to her, betraying his youth in a sudden burst of confidence.

"Oh well, if they haven't told you, I can't understand," he said. "It really is the oddest thing, and to be frank, I've never seen anything like it and I'd have pressed for another opinion if she hadn't made such a complete recovery. It's probably some kind of hysteria, although she's hardly that kind of subject, is she, d'you think?"

Margot shook her head. "No," he agreed quickly. "Highly strung and temperamental, of course, but hardly hysterical. And yet, on the evidence, I can't account for it in any other way. I've not been her medical adviser for very long. She used to call in old Dr. Kay from Peter Street, and then found him rather unsympathetic, I'm afraid, and sent for me. I've been attending her for about three months now. She was going on perfectly well, I thought, and then one day a most extraordinary thing happened."

He paused to fix Margot with his pale, unsmiling eyes.

"Genevieve sent for me in a great state and I found Madame in a very serious condition. She had been very excited and almost incoherent, Genevieve told me, and had then appeared to faint. She had come round by the time I arrived, and although there was evidence of some exhaustion, there was nothing to worry about. Genevieve had propped her up by an open window, and although I examined her thoroughly, I found very little amiss. Yet something had happened."

"Her story was that she had been talking to her grandson from the Maquis alone in the drawing-room, and that after he left her she lost consciousness."

He hesitated.

"I could see she didn't like the man, of course," he said. "But she was semi-delirious when Genevieve came in and she was alone then. I shouldn't have taken it very seriously if it hadn't happened again on his next visit. This alarms you, does it?"

Margot drew her glance from his face and got up.

"No," she said. "No, I don't think it does, not yet."

"Have you ever known anything like it to happen to her before?"

"No, I haven't, but—but are you sure, Doctor, that Mr. Cotton had anything to do with this at all?"

"Naturally I'm not, or I should have had to take some action." His voice ran on easily. He was enjoying it, she thought wryly.

"But he was in the house each time, and each time, significantly enough, he had just left her when the attack occurred."

"Was Denis there the second time?"

"Oh yes. Zoff was in her bedroom and Denis Cotton

had gone in to say good-bye to her. Genevieve heard him leave the house and then went up to her mistress. She found her lying on her bed, her hands—chief pressed to her lips. She was practically unconscious. Fortunately Genevieve carried her to the window, drenched her with eau-de-Cologne, and then had the sense to ring me."

"When I came, Zoff was weak but quite normal, save for a slight worsening of the heart condition and some nausea. She could tell me nothing, except—which seemed to me to be rather cogent, you know—that she did not remember Cotton going."

"I see," Margot spoke huskily. "Have you spoken to Denis?"

"I? Good heavens, no! He seemed scandalised. 'That's not my province. No, my duty is to protect my patient—and then, if I am convinced that an attack is being made on her, to inform the police.'"

Loftily he went on, "I'm a doctor. I can't go interfering in anything that is not my direct concern. I did feel I should speak to someone other than a servant, though, and Zoff begged me to come this evening and see you. To be honest, I expected someone older."

He was still very self-possessed, still happy in his own importance.

"Do you think you can enforce my orders? She mustn't see him this time. If he's heard anything about it at all, I am amazed that he came again."

Margot ignored the final comment.

"No," she said slowly. "No, he mustn't see her. I do understand that. For both their sakes . . . It's a coincidence, of course, or else, as you say, some sort of hysterical seizure. Are you sure there was nothing else to explain it, Doctor?"

"I'm not infallible," he said with dignity. "But I've found nothing to account for it. On each occasion recovery was complete in twenty-four hours."

He added, "I haven't made any official complaint, for the elementary reason that I've no evidence against anybody. However, should something else occur whilst Mr. Cotton was again in the house, well, the probability of it being another coincidence would be rather strained, wouldn't it?"

For an instant he was silent, then he added almost immediately: "Believe me, I know it's very awkward, but you do see the need for caution, I hope?"

"I do. You can rely on me," she agreed quietly. "It's some sort of nerve storm, of course, brought on by the sight of Denis, if that's possible. She's never liked him, you see. She quarrelled with his mother."

To her relief he knew the story.

"That was the elder daughter, of course?" he said. "The one there was the case about?"

She nodded and he sat looking at her earnestly.

"It's terribly fascinating, you know," he remarked unexpectedly, "especially in view of all the new work that has been done in the psychotherapeutic field lately. There's probably quite a fixation there—desperately interesting. We'll get Brogan or McPhail to see her later on. Meanwhile I'll leave it to you. I shall drop in to-morrow, probably in the afternoon, just to jolly her along."

He got up and moved over to the door, his golden head a

good foot above her own. As he passed her he hesitated.

"In your opinion this Denis person couldn't possibly have done anything—stupid? Is that so?"

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him that the very notion of it was ridiculous, but a thought checked her. Denis was a complete mystery to her. She believed with all her heart that he could do nothing that was not wholly right, but she was still sane enough to realise that the belief was based on nothing more than a desire that it should be so.

The overwhelming feeling she had for him was certainly not based on a careful assessment of his character. She knew nothing about him that he had not conveyed to her himself. All the rest was conjecture. Now there was this story, odd and frightening as the doctor told it.

"I've started you," said young Dr. Ledbury. "Perhaps I ought not to have put it quite so baldly. But do look after her, Mademoiselle Robert. Don't forget I'm trusting her to your care absolutely. Don't trouble to see me downstairs. I can very well let myself out. Go in to her now, will you? She really is quite the most wonderful person."

The final remark escaped him involuntarily and Margot smiled. So Zoff had made another conquest.

All her life Margot had watched that happen. Young men, old men, men who had reached the middle age when women bored them, they all fell for Zoff and all in the same surprised and boyish way.

"I'll come to-morrow, tell her," said the doctor, disappearing down the stairs. "Tell her not to worry about anything, anything at all."

His voice faded and she heard his feet reach the tiles of the hall.

"Margot!" The thrilling whisper sped across the landing. "Isn't he superb?"

It was Zoff, of course. She was standing on the threshold of her bedroom, swaddled in shawls, her black eyes shining out of frowning Shetland wool. Margot hurried over to her.

"You'll catch cold," she said. "What are you doing wandering about in your nightie?"

Zoff's strong fingers caught her arm and they went into the huge warm room together. Zoff was laughing.

"I wanted you to see him," she said. "When poor Cortot played *Hernani* to my Dona Sol, he had just such a profile, believe it or not. He was just such a man, too. The good God gave him beauty and said, 'My friend, that is enough, be content. Someone else must have the intelligence.'"

"But, darling, is it wise to have that kind of doctor?" Margot was inveigling her towards the mighty bed, with its dolphins, its cupids and rococo cornucopias. Zoff did not answer immediately but indicated a motif on the headboard of the edifice with some pride.

"Wet flowers growing out of a golden cream horn," she said devastatingly. "Kit would have married me when his wife died if my taste had not been so horrible. I adore this bed! The poor, beautiful doctor is stupid, you say?"

"No, I didn't, as you very well know. I only felt that you might have had someone more experienced."

★ TWO-PART MYSTERY NOVEL

"I will when I have pain." Zoff climbed into her couch with considerable agility. "Just now I am only tired. When I have pain I will endure an old and ugly doctor whose brains stick out in lumps all over his head. Meanwhile, this boy is charming. He talks so much, do you notice?"

Without waiting for Margot's answer she went on. "It never stops, the pleasant British voice. And he is so delighted to be attending me. I am his star patient. While he is killing the others doubtless he tells them about me. There, now I am warm again. Sit here beside me on the bed, petite!"

Margot settled herself obediently. The stiff folds of her gown made a dark shadow on the peach coverlet.

"What about these attacks, Zoff?"

Zoff's hand closed over her own, but the reply did not come immediately and when it did it was uncharacteristically evasive.

"They are both old women, Gen'vieve and the doctor. It is quite possible that I fainted only." She was sitting upright, her eyes thoughtful as she contemplated the shadows at the far end of the room.

"Do you expect me to believe that?"

"I do not care what you believe, cherie." Her hand was still firm and possessive. "I do not want to talk about the two contretemps. It is even possible that I am a little frightened." She shivered, a gesture so unlike herself as to be startling.

"Don't." The girl spoke sharply. "You'll frighten me. Would you like me to call Gen'vieve? Where is she?"

"Gone up to her own room. Don't call her. She's an old fool, Margot. No eyes, no nose, no ears. Nothing but a big heart. Poor Zoff, surrounded by fools! What else did my doctor tell you? Well?"

"He said you were not to see Denis any more."

"Ah, And do you think that is wise?"

"Yes, you, Mademoiselle. You, my petite." She was suddenly at her fiercest, her eyes black diamonds again. "Do you agree?"

"I don't know." Margot released herself gently. "If he upsets you, of course—"

"Upsets me!" Zoff mimicked her contemptuously.

"Well, at any rate, you're not going to see him. That's been arranged. We'll pack him off to-night if you like. I don't think he can realise it, you know. He—"

"Margot." A vigorous hand caught her wrist again. "I am disgustingly old, and the shame of being old is that one is still young. One still knows."

"Darling, once and for all, as far as Denis and I are concerned there is nothing to know."

"How true is that?" "Utterly. I told you. Some months ago we had some greasy spaghetti together and talked of la patrie. We met twice."

"To meet once," said Zoff. "to see each other from the window of a taxi-cab, is enough for love if one is alive."

"Not nowadays, dearest." The girl dropped a kiss on the white shawl. "You're a roman-

tic, Zoff. We don't love so extravagantly in these hard times."

"But how sordid!" Zoff was becoming herself again as she was half reassured.

"It is a good thing," she went on more seriously. "All those D'Hivers were strange men. The grandfather of this Denis, my first husband, what a monster when once one knew! But be careful, Margot. There was always something in that family in the men—the women, my dear, were dull provincials and so ugly—which was extraordinary. But the men could hold spellbound any woman for a little time. They held in their faces, in their voices, in their thick, strong bodies a sort of promise—do you understand—a promise of something unknown and fearful and yet so beautiful it broke one's heart."

She closed her eyes and the lids, which were like Victor's, showed paper-fine. Presently she laughed.

"I am jeune fille again, so undignified. Jeune fille, with great bags under the eyes and no hair to speak of. What a horrible sense of humor he has, the bon Dieu. Well, as I was saying, the D'Hivers had a charm which was dangerous to the warm and impulsive hearts. But when one tore back the sheet, what did one see? Not a cloven hoof—ma foi one could have forgiven that—but a whole chest and stomach of stone."

ZOFF'S voice was serious now, dramatic. "They do not care, that family," she went on. "They go their own way, and if you are in it they tread on your neck. I know. They have no fear and they never love in return."

Margot was listening to her, fascinated. This was a Zoff she hardly knew, speaking with a sincerity she seldom displayed. It was impossible not to be impressed by it. Up here in the big, over-scented room it was easy for Margot to slide back into the sophisticated world of her childhood in which Denis had no place.

Presently she began to feel liberated, as if the bondage of the past few months had disappeared. It was an odd experience, as embarrassing and unreasonable as her first violent attraction. Zoff was still talking.

"Gen'vieve tells me that you go back to London to-morrow for a luncheon. It is in your honor, I hope?"

"Yes, at the Ivy. Monsieur Bonnet wants to tell me I have been a clever girl."

"Naturally. What will you wear?"

They talked clothes for some time. Zoff was in tremendous form, racy, practical, and inspired by turns, and gradually under her magic touch the exciting world of fashion and the theatre slid into focus again for Margot, and all its old appeal returned. The weariness of travel, the long hours, exacting parts, even the essential loneliness of the artist, disappeared before the glow and promise of the haze of glory at the top of her tree.

By the time Madame Zoff was prepared to attempt to sleep all the alarms of the evening were in the back-

ground. Margot returned to them with something of dismay. She took up a tray from the bed table.

"I'll take this down for Gen'vieve," she said. "She's growing old, Zoff, and the stairs are killing her. We must get someone younger to do the running about."

"Nonsense, she's younger than I. She is tired because she is so fat, the great elephant." The exacting Zoff, who was so mean over little things, had returned with a rush.

"It does her good," she said airily. "Good-night, petite. Come and kiss me in the morning so I may see your hat."

Margot left her lying peacefully in the outrageous bed and went down the staircase to the basement. Everywhere was so very well lit that a shocking suspicion occurred to her that poor Kit must be footing the power bill. There was no escaping it; Zoff was quite abominable in some matters.

She found the kitchen cluttered by a great charcoal stove which was obviously a recent acquisition. Another demand on Kit, no doubt.

The room was deserted when she entered it, but at the sound of her step Felix appeared from a pantry. He looked startled and sulky, and too her amazement she saw his cheeks were wet. In the twenty years she had known him she had seen him in many conditions of emotional deshabille, but secret weeping was something new.

"Why, Felix, what's the matter?" she demanded. "What is it? What's happened?"

He stood before her, a forlorn figure in shirt sleeves. There were grease spots on his tie, on his waistcoat, even on the felt slippers on his sore feet. The moisture on his pallid face was both pathetic and ridiculous.

"I am low-spirited," he said, the French enhancing the statement. "It is nothing, nothing at all. Unless—he hesitated hopefully—"perhaps Mademoiselle could influence Madame?"

"I could try, anyway," she said encouragingly. "Cheer up, Felix. What in the world is it?"

He perched himself on the kitchen table and brought long hands into play as he talked. Everything about him save his eyes, which were sombre, was slightly absurd.

"Mademoiselle Margot, it is like this. I have heard from Grenoble that my old father is very shaky. The time must come soon when he will die."

"I am sorry, Felix. I didn't know."

"Oh, well, he is old, mademoiselle. He has had a good life. The end comes to everybody."

She digested this philosophy and began to understand. "He still has the bakery, has he?"

"Precisement. There is the little shop which you remember. I took you there when you were a small child. It has been done up recently and is doing a good trade. There is also the house where I was born. It is full of fine furniture of which my poor dead maman was inordinately proud. Behind that there is the orchard, with splendid apples planted by my father. And behind that there is a magnificent piece of land."

It is a property, you understand."

"Yes, I do, Felix, I do perfectly." Margot was entirely serious. She could remember the little white baker's shop with the scrubbed shelves and the great trays of apple pastry in the window.

Squat and secure, it lay by the side of the busy road, a symbol of the smallness, and the smugness, and the security of petit-bourgeois France. She put the pertinent question.

"Who is at home down there now?"

"Everybody." His agony was ludicrous. "My eldest brother is in the house with his wife and children; my second brother has moved into the town and is in lodgings nearby, working at a factory; my sister who married the carpenter is at the end of the street; and my other sister's little farm is not more than twenty kilometres away in the country, and every Sunday she brings her family to see their grandfather. Mademoiselle, you will admit I should be there."

"Of course, the inheritance is assured by law, we know, but it is foolish not to be present as soon as any division is even considered. The mother bird brings the worm for all the mouths in the nest, but it goes hard with the fledgling who is lying underneath the tree."

The simile was unfortunate. Felix looked very like a fledgling in his bedraggled black waistcoat and blue shirt sleeves. Margot was sorry for him.

"Won't Madame let you go?" she inquired.

"But yes." He was voluble. "I may go to-morrow. But if so, I am not to return and Madame strikes out of her will the five hundred thousand francs which is bequeathed to me. It is much too much to lose, mademoiselle. But meanwhile my sister writes to say my father grows very weak."

It was a problem. Margot knew Zoff far too well to venture any rash promises.

"I'll try, Felix," she said. "I must go to London in the morning, but I'll talk to her as soon as I get back. Don't count on anything, but we'll do what we can. After all, Madame is a Frenchwoman. She understands these family matters."

"Yet it would not appear so from her manner toward Monsieur Denis." The muttered words were hardly audible and were clearly meant to be an aside, but Margot's face tingled as though she had received a little blow.

This must be the explanation of Denis' visits, of course, but she was loth to accept it. The whole matter was suddenly very distasteful. Felix continued to look piteous.

"It is too much to lose," he repeated. "I have been with Madame so long. Yet I should only be away for a little time."

"I'll see," she repeated. "I'll try. I can't promise to succeed, but I will try."

He sighed as if he knew already what the result would be, and she came away, leaving him still sitting there on the table, sullen bitterness in his eyes.

The hall was bright and so silent when she came up into it that the sighing of her long

skirts on the tiles sounded almost noisy.

She was not at all happy. Things were bad in the house. Everyone was frustrated and a sense of unrest and vague menace was growing stronger all the time. She had given up thinking about Denis. Every time he came into her mind she thrust him out again. That folly had been scotched, she decided, fortunately in time, before she had done anything silly.

The escape from the petty cruelty which had tormented her was a great relief, but all the same it had left a very weary emptiness behind it.

She turned into the drawing-room expecting to find them all there, still talking about the clock if she knew Victor. From her new mood of safety she was prepared to regard Denis dispassionately and was half looking forward to, half dreading, the experience.

On the threshold she paused. A gust of rain-soaked air met her and she closed the door behind her quickly as the draught blew the silk window curtains out into the room.

She saw Denis at once. He was alone, standing before the french windows, which were wide open. His back was towards her and he was looking out into the wet darkness, but he turned at the sound of the latch and she saw a frown sweep over his forehead as he caught sight of her.

He came back into the room reluctantly.

"I hope you don't mind this. I don't think the rain's actually coming in." His deep, pleasant voice was unusually brusque and the ease which was one of his principal characteristics was strained.

"No, I don't mind." She moved over to the fire as she spoke and stood on the rug, her head framed against the prim carving of the mantelpiece. The room was chilly, and here, too, the brightness of the lights shed a hard unfriendliness over the mellow wood and faded coloring of chintz and tapestry.

He started to stroll towards her but hesitated and half turned, as if he were contemplating taking up his old position before the windows again.

"Where are the others?" she demanded and was irritated to find her voice husky.

"Soubise has driven Sir Kit down to the town. They're going to drag some poor wretched clockmaker away from his supper. Someone's torn up one of the family heirlooms."

He changed his mind again and wandered down towards her as he spoke. At that moment she was more vividly aware of the look of the man than ever before.

One of Zoff's remarks leapt into her mind. "In their faces, in their voices, in their thick, strong bodies they held a sort of promise..."

She took a vigorous hold of herself and her smile was casual.

"It's a pity about the clock." "Oh, you knew, did you?" His eyes met hers briefly.

"Yes, I suppose it is. I hate that sort of baroque decoration, all gold pie-crust. But I don't like the damage, either. It's a little mad, isn't it? It jolts one. However, this house is recking with that sort of thing. That's why I opened the windows, I suppose."

"To let the baroque pierce



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out?" she enquired, laughing. Her face was raised to his and the light fell on her skin and on her beautiful mouth and made narrow blue jewels of her eyes. She was unconscious of the effect and of the sudden color which came into her face as his expression changed.

"No," he said, clinging to each trivial word as if it were some sort of lifeline. "No, I opened the window because for some reason to-night I could not breathe."

The final word choked him and he put out his hand helplessly.

The kiss was very gentle. His arms folded round her as she leaned towards him, and the first startled flicker of surprise in her eyes gave way to another emotion before her lids covered them.

For a minute he held her hard, hurting her, hugging her against him as if he were afraid she must vanish. And then suddenly he drew back roughly and turned away down the room.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Margot did not move. Everything that had once seemed to set her free from him, Zoff's tirade, the doctor's query, Felix's bland assumption, disappeared as if none of them had existed, and she felt again as she had done in her cabin coming home across the Atlantic, when every mile meant only a mile nearer to him.

"I love you, Denis."

"I know." He swung round to her furiously. "I saw, just now."

"And you don't love me, I suppose?"

"No."

She was not angry, not even hurt. The word glanced off her like a shaft of straw. She stood straight, unutterably happy, her lips parted, her eyes shining with laughter.

"That's — not true."

He came close to her, holding her again, looking down a little, his square chin drawn at her covetously, smiling down.

"Just now you saw, too, I suppose."

She nodded and he kissed her again.

"But it won't do," he said with sudden weariness. "It won't do, Margot. There's too much against it. You're all tied up to Victor, for one thing, aren't you?"

"No. Not now. Not since yesterday."

He looked at her sharply and she could see the question in his eyes and feel him trying not to ask it. Her generosity was boundless. Her love was so great it engulfed all the small reluctances. She answered the query before he put it.

"I think it must have been because of you, Denis. I wasn't admitting it at the time. Did you come here because of me?"

"No!" he said so violently that she knew he was lying. "No, certainly not. I don't want to love you, Margot."

"But you do, Denis?"

He found her hands and bent his head over them.

"Oh, darling," he said, "ever since I saw you... and so hopelessly, do you know?"

Voices in the hall outside cut in on them brutally. He stepped back but did not release her hands.

"We've got to talk," he murmured urgently. "When? They say you're going to London early."

"I'll be home in the afternoon," she whispered back. "You'll be here?"

A door slammed and the curtains shuddered. She released herself from him gently and felt an absurd but poignant sense of loss as her hands were freed.

"Yes." His eyes were still on her face, still helplessly vulnerable, but there was a shadow in them. "Yes, I'll be here."

Sir Kit opened the door. "The clock is on this wall, if you'll come in," he was saying to someone behind him. "I do most earnestly hope you'll be able to do something. Come along, come along. Good heavens, what a draught! Is that you, Victor? Come in, my boy, for goodness' sake, and shut those doors behind you."

As the two on the hearth-rug turned slowly round, Victor Soubise stepped in through the french doors and began to close and fasten them. He glanced over his shoulder at Margot as he shot the upper bolt, his face impassive.

"I came in this way after putting up the car," he said briefly. "It's nearer."

His voice was flat and un-

revealing. There was no telling if the observation was an apology, a reproach, or simply a statement of fact.

Hercule Bonnet, manager of the Beaux Arts company, brought Margot down after the lunch in the chauffeur-driven hired limousine he always used when in London. He was in the top of his form and there had been no getting away from him.

At the end of the party he had pushed his eyeglass into one of the deep sockets—they always looked painted they were so dark—and had given her a flash of white teeth as he announced his intention of coming down to Bridgewick to pay his respects to the "chère maîtresse."

On the way down he had talked all the time, his plump hands dipping and swooping like seagulls over the dome of his grey waistcoat as he told her what he was going to say to Zoff.

BONNET was over-dressed, as was usual in England, since, so he said, he believed the natives expected it of a Frenchman.

"I have the exquisite courtesy," he would explain half seriously. "That is why I am beloved wherever I go."

Margot was his discovery of the moment. She was his little pigeon, his cabbage, his queen. He was about, he insisted, to fling himself at Zoff's feet to thank her for bequeathing her genius on such a pupil.

He was a trifle drunk, of course, but only to the point of elation. Margot had nothing to do but to look as if she were listening, and so far, for the best part of the journey, she had not missed a cue.

She was so happy she almost told him the reason, but he gave her no opportunity to make that mistake. His theme was the future and his voice never ceased.

As the car nosed its way through the endless little townships which had become the suburbs of the city, she lay back in the cushions, one ear on his chatter and all the rest of her conscious self obsessed with delight.

It was madness to be in love like this, she reflected, her eyes dancing; in love as if one were sixteen, as if no one else mattered, as if every one of these dazzling successes which Bonnet was so cheerfully prophesying was well lost for an hour with Denis. It was lunacy, of course, delirious nonsense, proverbially ephemeral, and yet it was so very sweet.

And behind the ecstasy was something real and inescapable and for ever. She was sure of it. It had made a little blanket over her heart. She could still hear Denis' voice behind the florid periods which Bonnet was intoning at her side.

"The English drowned the French." The deep voice sounded through the thin one: "... ever since I saw you ... and so hopelessly ..."

The words shocked her still. Even in memory they disturbed her breathing. They were precious and wholly ridiculous, for nothing was hopeless now.

Bonnet's chatter cut into her day-dreaming as the car turned into the familiar road and she sat up.

"Chère doyenne des arts supreme, I shall whisper," he was rehearsing happily. "Maitresse de milles coeurs"

... 'Eh, we arrive, do we? Is this the house?'

Margot spoke to the chauffeur, who turned into the drive and brought the big car to a standstill before the porch. "Permit me."

Bonnet was in glib mood. All vehicles presented certain embarrassments to his plumpness, but he was determined to hand her out himself, so there was some delay as he was first extricated and set panting on the step.

Margot let him assist her and they were standing together in the conservatory when the front door was thrown open.

Felix stood before them, gibbering. He was only just recognisable. There was no color in his face at all and his eyes were blank. He stared at Bonnet and turned with to Margot.

"That is not monsieur le docteur," he said stupidly. "Mademoiselle, where is the doctor?"

Her pulse missed a stroke and a chill crept over her.

"What is it, Felix?" She heard her own voice speaking very quietly. "Quickly, what is it? Is Zoff ill?"

"Mademoiselle, she is dead."

To be concluded

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

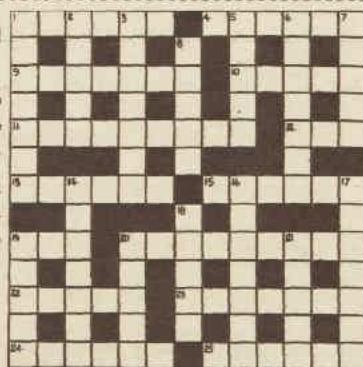
ACROSS

- Pinches with a mel-low middle (5).
- Scaffolds where the saint gets old (6).
- Just think what an aboriginal woman would mainly say if asked what she is (7).
- Snore in Norwegian (5).
- This vegetable orders the Federal Treasurer to become speechless from anger (9).
- Card likely to be used by a good pilot (13).
- Removes errors (6).
- Venerate a famous American rider (6).
- Prattle turns to bulge (3).
- Enter Cain (anagr. 9).
- Buy and sell (5).
- No car in a musical instrument (7).
- Undressed kids yet not naked (6).
- One hundred come in mixed in the middle (6).

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A S N E
R E T A P E A R G U S
E I R E T
N A G R E T S A T A N I
K A I F A G I N
S I L V E R W E D D I N G S

Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

- Makes wry face with a merciless yet first-class aviator (7).
- Unit for a mixed pint (6).
- Vice den (anagr. 7).
- Printer's measures in the starting point of a game stretched tight (5).
- Bare gag (anagr. 7).
- If the French followed by Eve, cannot keep secret (5).
- That woman on a wading bird (5).
- Clasp a mere cab (7).
- Issue from a man in broken tee (7).
- Left up a Bulgarian coin in it (7).
- Deed or a dramatic performer (5).
- Though it's plural it is the anagram of 4 across if singular (5).
- Relation turned in hundred in case (5).
- I twice dot in an utter fool (5).

Continuing . . . The Grand Sophy

[from page 5]

"Do not look so unhappy! Sweet, I have not come to disturb you."

Her eyes filled with tears; her hand slightly returned the pressure of his before it was withdrawn, and she managed to say something in a suffocated voice about his kindness, and her own regret. He obliged her to be seated, himself took a chair near to hers.

"My sentiments have undergone no change," he said gravely. "Indeed, I believe it to be impossible that they should be. I have been told—I have understood—that yours were never engaged. Believe me, if you cannot return my regard, I choose you for having the courage to say so!"

At the struggle again to speak, he went on, "That you should be constrained to accept my suit, when your heart is given to another, is a thought wholly repugnant to me. Forgive me! I think you have had to bear a great deal on this head which I never intended, or indeed dreamed, as I have said enough. Only let me assure you that I will do all that lies in my power to put an end to such intolerable promptings!"

"You are all consideration—all goodness!" Cecilia uttered. "I am so sorry that—that expectations which it is not in my power to fulfil should have been raised."

Her voice became wholly suspended by tears; she could only turn away her face, and make a gesture imploring his understanding.

He took her hand and kissed it. "Say no more! I always thought the prize beyond my reach. Though you deny me that nearer relationship which I so ardently desire, we may continue friends? If there is any way in which I can serve you, will you tell me of it? That would be a happiness indeed!"

"Oh, do not say so! You are no good!"

The door opened; Mr. Rivenhall came into the room, checked an instant on the threshold, when he saw Charbury, and looked as though he would have retired again.

Charbury rose, however, and said: "I am glad you are at home, Charles, for I believe I can settle this business better with you than with anyone. Your sister and I have agreed that we shall not suit."

"I see," said Mr. Rivenhall dryly. "There seems to be nothing I can profitably say, except that I am sorry."

"Lord Charbury has been everything that is most kind—most magnanimous!" whispered Cecilia.

"That I can believe," responded Mr. Rivenhall.

"Nonsense!" Charbury said, taking her hand. "I shall leave you now, but I hope I may still visit this house, on terms of friendship."

He pressed her hand, released it, and went out of the room, followed by Mr. Rivenhall, who escorted him downstairs to the hall, saying: "This is a wretched business, Everard. She is out of her senses! But as for marrying that puppy—no!"

He saw Charbury off the premises, and turned back into the house just as Hubert came down the stairs in long bounds. "Hallo, where are you off to in such haste?" he inquired.

"Oh, nowhere!" Hubert answered. "Just out!"

"When do you go up to Oxford again?"

"Next week. Why?"

"Do you care to go with me to Thorpe Grange to-morrow? I must go down, and shall stay a night, I daresay."

Hubert shook his head. "No, I can't. I'm off to stay with Harpenden for a couple of nights, you know."

"I didn't. Newmarket?"

Hubert flushed. "Dash it, why should I not go to Newmarket if I choose?"

"There is no reason why you should not, but I could wish that you would choose your company more wisely. Are you set on it? We could ride over from Thorpe, if you liked."

"Very good of you, Charles, but I'm promised to Harpenden, and can't fail now!" Hubert said gruffly.

"Very well. Don't draw the bustle too much!"

Hubert hunched his shoulder. "I knew you would say that!"

"I'll say something else, and you may believe it! I can't and I won't be saddled with your racing debts, so don't bet beyond your means!"

He waited for no answer, but went upstairs again to the drawing-room, where he found his sister still seated where he had left her, weeping softly into a shroud of a handkerchief. He tossed his own into her lap, asking, "Are you satisfied? You should be! It is not every girl who can boast of having rejected a man like Charbury!"

"I do not boast of it!" she retorted, firing up. "But I care nothing for wealth and position! Where my affections are not engaged—"

"You might care for worth of character, however! You could search England without finding a better fellow, Cecilia. Don't flatter yourself you have found one in your poet! I wish you may not live to regret this day's work."

"I am aware that Lord Charbury has every amiable quality,"

she said in a subdued voice. "Indeed, I believe him to be the finest gentleman of my acquaintance, and if I am crying it is from sorrow at having been obliged to wound him!"

He walked over to the window and stood looking out into the square. "It is useless now to remonstrate with you. After your announcement last night it is not very likely that Charbury would desire to marry you. What do you mean to do? I may tell you now that my father will not consent to your marriage with Fawnhope."

"Because you will not let him consent! Can you not be content, Charles, with making a marriage of convenience yourself, without wishing me to do the same?" she cried hotly.

He stiffened. "It is not difficult to perceive my cousin's influence at work!" he said. "Before her arrival in London you would not have spoken so to me! My regard for Eugenia—"

"If you loved, Charles, you would not talk of your regard for Eugenia!"

It was at this inappropriate moment that Dasset whirled Miss Wroxton into the room. Cecilia whisked her brother's handkerchief out of sight, a tide of crimson flooding her cheeks. Mr. Rivenhall turned away from the window and said with a palpable effort: "Eugenia! We did not expect this pleasure! How do you do?"

She gave him her hand, but turned her gaze upon Cecilia, saying: "Tell me it is not so! I was never more shocked in my life than when Alfred told me what had occurred last night!"

Almost insensibly the brother and sister drew closer together. "Alfred?" repeated Mr. Rivenhall.

"He told me, when we drove home after the ball, that he could not choose but overhear what Cecilia had said to you, Charles. And Lord Charbury! I could not believe it to have been possible!"

Loyalty, as much as the ties of affection, kept Mr. Rivenhall ranged on the side of his sister, but he looked to be very much annoyed.

He said repressively: "If you mean that Cecilia and Lord Charbury have made up their minds to it they would not suit, you are quite correct. I do not know what business it is of Alfred's, or why he must run to you with what he—overhears!"

"My dear Charles, he knows that what concerns your family must also be my concern!"

"I am much obliged to you, but I have no wish to discuss the matter."

"Excuse me! I must go to my mother!" Cecilia said.

She escaped from the room; Miss Wroxton looked significantly at Mr. Rivenhall and said: "I do not wonder you are vexed. It has been a sadly mismanaged business, and I fancy we have not far to seek for the influence that prompted dear Cecilia to behave in a way so unlike herself!"

"I have not the smallest conjecture as to your meaning."

His tone, which was forbidding, warned her that she would be wise to turn the subject, but her dislike of Sophy had become such an obsession with her that she was impelled to continue.

"You must have noticed, dear Charles, that our sweet sister has fallen quite under the sway of her cousin. I cannot think it will lead to anything but disaster. Miss Stanton-Lacy doubtless has many excellent qualities, but I have always thought you were right in saying she had too little delicacy of mind."

Mr. Rivenhall, who had decided that Sophy was to blame for her sister's conduct, said

To page 44

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without an instant's hesitation: "You are mistaken. I never made any such remark!"

"Did you not? Something of that nature I think you once said to me, but it hardly signifies! It is a thousand pities that dear Lady Ombersley was forced to receive her as a guest at this precise time. Every time I enter the house I am conscious of a change in it! Even the children—"

"It is certainly by far more lively," he interrupted.

She gave vent to rather an artificial laugh. "It is certainly less peaceful!" She began to smooth the wrinkles from her gloves.

"Do you know, Charles, I have always so much admired the tone of this house. Your doing, I know well! I cannot but feel a little melancholy when I see that ordered calm—a certain dignity, I should say—shattered by wild spirits. Poor

Continuing

The Grand Sophy

[from page 43]

little Amabel, I thought the other day, is growing quite out of hand!"

"My cousin," said Mr. Rivenhall with finality, "has been extremely kind to the children, and is a great favorite with my mother. I must add that it is a pleasure to me to see my mother's spirits so much improved by Sophy's presence. Have you any errands in this part of the town? May I escort you? I must be in Bond Street in twenty minutes' time."

In face of so comprehensive a snub as this it was impossible for Miss Wroxton to say more. Her color rose and her lips tightened, but she managed to suppress an acid retort.

Cecilia, meanwhile, had fled, not to Lady Ombersley, but to her cousin, whom she discovered

seated before her dressing-table scanning a slip of paper.

"What do you suppose this can be, Cecy?" asked Sophy, still studying with knit brows the paper in her hand. "What a funny name! Goldhanger, Bear Alley, Fleet Lane. I do not know the writing, and cannot conceive how—Oh, how stupid! It must have fallen out of the pocket of Hubert's coat!"

"Sophy!" said Cecilia, "I have had the most dreadful interview with Charlbury!"

Sophy laid the paper down. "Good gracious, how is this?"

"I find my spirits utterly overborne!" declared Cecilia, sinking into a chair. "No one—no one!—could have behaved with more exquisite sensibility! I wish you had not persuaded me to see him! Nothing could have been more painful!"

"Oh, do not give him a thought!" said Sophy bracingly. "Let us rather think what is to be done about fixing Augustus in some genteel occupation." "How can you be so heartless?" demanded Cecilia. "When he was so kind, and I could not but see how much I had grieved him!"

"I daresay he will recover speedily enough," Sophy replied, in a careless way. "Ten to one he will fall in love with another female before the month is out!"

Cecilia did not look as though she found this prophecy comforting, but after a moment she said: "I am sure I wish he may, for to be ruining a man's life is no very pleasant thing, I can tell you!"

"Do you think it will rain?" "Dare I wear my new straw hat? I have a mind to flirt

with Charlbury myself; I liked him."

"I wish you may succeed," said Cecilia, a trifle stiffly. "I do not think him a man at all given to flirting, however. The tone of his mind is too nice for such a pastime as that!"

Sophy laughed. "We'll see! Do tell me which hat I should wear! The straw is so ravishing, but if it were to come on to mizzle—"

"I don't care which hat you wear!" snapped Cecilia.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully. Sophy driving Cecilia in Hyde Park in her phaeton, setting her down to enjoy a stroll with Mr. Fawnhope, encountered by previous arrangement by the Riding House, and taking up in her stead Sir Vincent Talgarth, who only deserted her when he perceived the Marquesa de Villacanas' barouche drawn up beside the rails that separated Rotten Row from the carriage-way.

The Marquesa welcomed him with her lazy smile, and told Sophy that she found the shops in London wholly inferior to those in Paris. Nothing she had seen in Bond Street that day had tempted her to undo her purse-strings. But Sir Vincent knew of a modiste in Bruton Street who might be trusted to recognise at a glance the style and quality of such a customer, and he offered to escort the Marquesa to her establishment.

Sophy knit her brows a little over this, but before she had had time to think much on the subject her attention was claimed by Lord Bromford. Civility obliged her to invite him to take a turn about the Park in her phaeton, but she was saved from his boring discourses by encountering various

Beauty in brief:

Your color chart

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Make-up shades cannot be set at random, but most often skin is either light, medium, or dark in color, and your color type will be found in one of these three groups.

HAVE you a high, natural color? Then you should try to match the color of your skin.

Have you a pale or sallow complexion? In this case use a warm, definite foundation color.

Is your complexion inclined to flush up? Here foundation or cake-type make-up in beige tones is best.

Skin tones vary slightly with the seasons. A peach-buff foundation suits most people during summer-to-winter transition; it is especially flattering to ruddy, sallow, or freckled complexions.

If your hair is grey or turning grey, you may be able to use the same cosmetic shades that you did before the color change. Skin pigmentation gradually lightens through the years, so avoid colors that are dark or harsh.

other friends, after which it was time for her to return to her cousin.

Cecilia and her swain were found at the appointed spot. Mr. Fawnhope having become rapt in contemplation of a clump of daffodils, which caused him to throw out a hand, murmuring: "Daffodils that come before the swallow dares!"

Cecilia's spirits did not appear to have derived much benefit from her meeting with Augustus. His plans for their future maintenance seemed to be a trifle vague, but he had an epic poem in his head, which might win him fame in a night, he thought. While this was in preparation, he would not

object, he said, to accepting a post as a librarian.

But as Cecilia was unable to imagine that her father or her brother would feel any marked degree of satisfaction in giving her in marriage to a librarian, this very handsome concession on Mr. Fawnhope's part merely added to her despondency. She had gone so far as to suggest to him that he should embrace the profession of Poet, but he had only said: "How absurd!" which did not augur well for this excellent scheme.

Sophy, gathering the gist of all this from Cecilia's somewhat elliptical remarks, took up a buoyant attitude, saying: "Oh,

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"We decided on a prefabricated house this year."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 25, 1953

well! We must find a great man who is willing to become his patron!" which gave Cecilia a poor notion of her understanding.

Sophy was able to restore to Hubert the scrap of paper which had fallen from his pocket before going down to dinner that evening. Until this moment she had not thought much about it, but his manner of receiving it from her was so strange that it set up in her head various speculations.

He almost snatched it from her hand, exclaiming: "Where did you find this?" and when she explained, in the most temperate manner, that she thought it must have fallen out of the pocket of the coat she had mended for him, he said: "Yes, it is mine, but I did not know I had put it there! I cannot tell you what it signifies, but pray do not mention it to anyone!"

She could only assure him that she had no intention of doing so, but he appeared to be so much discomposed that some inevitable reflections were set up in her brain. These did not come to fruition until she saw him upon his return from his visit to his friend, Mr. Harpenden, when his demeanor was that of a man who had received some stunning blow.

"You know," she seized the first opportunity to advise him, "if anything is really amiss, you should consult your brother Charles."

Mr. Rivenhall, who had left London twenty-four hours earlier for Thorpe Grange, the estate in Leicestershire which he had inherited from his great-uncle, had not yet returned to London; but Hubert made it plain to his cousin that even had his elder brother been in London, not the direst necessity would have induced him to apply to him.

"He has not minced matters! He told me in round terms that he would not—Oh, well! No matter for that!"

"I daresay," said Sophy in her calm way, "that Charles might very likely say more than he meant. I wish you will tell me what has gone awry, Hubert! My conjecture is that you have lost perhaps a large sum at Newmarket?"

"If that were all!" he exclaimed unguardedly.

"Well, if it is not all, I wish you will tell me the full sum."

DRESS SENSE PATTERN



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Continuing . . .

of it, Hubert!" she said, with one of her friendly smiles. "I know that you are in trouble of some sort, and I do think I ought, if you will tell me nothing, to drop a hint in your brother's ear, for ten to one you will make bad much worse if you go on in this way, with no one to advise you!"

He turned pale. "Sophy, you would not—!"

Her eyes twinkled. "No, of course I would not!" she admitted. "You are so very loth to tell me anything that I am quite forced to ask you. Is it money?"

After a good deal of coaxing Sophy managed to extract his story from him. It was not a very coherent tale, and she was obliged to prompt him several times during its recital, but in the end she gathered that he had fallen into the clutches of a money-lender.

There had been some trouble over debts contracted during the previous year at Oxford, and the most unprecedented bad luck had attended his efforts to recuperate his fortunes at the gaming tables.

Faced with large debts of honor, already in hot water with his formidable brother for far smaller debts, what could he do but jump into the river or go to the Jews? And even so, he assured Sophy, he would never have gone near a curate money-lender had he not felt certain of being able to pay the shark off within six months.

"You mean, when you come of age next month?" Sophy asked.

"Well, no," he admitted, coloring. "Though I fancy that was what old Goldhanger thought when he agreed to lend me the money. I never told him so, mind! All I said was that I was certain of coming into possession of a large sum—and I was, Sophy! I did not think it could possibly fail! Bob Gilmorton—he is a particular friend of mine!—knows the owner well, and he swore to me the horse could not lose!"

Sophy, who had an excellent memory, instantly recognised the name of Goldhanger as being the one she had read on the scrap of paper discovered in her bedroom, but she made no comment on this, merely inquiring whether the perfidious horse had lost his race.

"Unplaced!" said Hubert, with a groan.

He spoke for several embittered minutes on the running of his horse, casting grave aspersions upon the owner, the trainer, and the jockey. She let him run on, listening sympathetically, and only when he had talked himself to a standstill did she bring him back to what she thought a far more important point.

"Hubert, you are not of age," she said. "And I know that it is quite illegal to lend money to minors. I believe there are excessively heavy penalties for doing such a thing."

"Well, I know that," Hubert answered. "Most of 'em won't do it."

"How much did you borrow, Hubert?"

"Five hundred," he muttered. "I was a fool, of course. But it's too late to be repining over that!"

"Yes, much too late, besides there is no need to be in despair! I am certain that you have nothing to fear, because he must know he cannot recover his money from a minor, and would never dare to sue you for it."

"Dash it, Sophy, I must pay the fellow back what I owe him! Besides, there's worse. He

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The Grand Sophy

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insisted on my giving him a pledge, and—and I did!"

"Hubert, you did not pledge a family heirloom, or—or anything of that nature, did you?"

"Of course not! I'm not as bad as that!" he cried indignantly. "It was mine, and I shouldn't call it an heirloom, precisely, though if ever it was discovered that I had lost it I daresay there would be the deuce of a kick-up, and I should be abused as though I were a pickpocket! Grandfather Stanton-Lacy left it to me: stupid sort of thing, I think. A ring: a great, square emerald with diamonds all round it. Mama always kept it; and when Goldhanger demanded I should give him a pledge, I—I couldn't think of anything else, and—well, I knew where Mama kept it, and I took it!"

WITH a flashing smile, Sophy declared, "What a good thing you have told me this, Hubert. I know exactly what you should do. Make a clean breast of the business to your brother! He will very likely give you a tremendous scold, but you may depend upon his helping you out of this fix."

"You don't know him! Scold, indeed! Depend upon it, he would make me come down from Oxford, and thrust me into the Army, or some such thing! I'll try everything before I apply to him!"

"Very well, I will lend you five hundred pounds," said Sophy.

He flushed. "You're a great gun, Sophy—no, I don't mean that!—a capital girl! I'm devilish grateful, but, of course, I could not borrow money from you! Besides, you don't understand! The old bloodsucker made me sign a bond to pay him fifteen per cent. interest a month!"

"Well, I am persuaded there is nothing he can do to extort one penny of interest from you! Why, in law he could not even recover the principal! Only let me lend you five hundred pounds, and take it to him, and insist upon his restoring to you the bond you signed and your ring! Tell him that if he does not choose to accept the principal he may do his worst!"

"And have him inform at Oxford against me! I tell you, Sophy, he is an out-and-out villain! He would do me all the harm that lay in his power! He is not a regular money-lender: in fact, I'm pretty certain he's what they call a lock, or a fence, a receiver, you know. What's more, he would refuse to give me back the ring."

Nothing that Sophy could urge had the power to move him, and as she perceived that it would be useless to continue arguing with him she said no more.

But when he had left her she sat for some time with her chin in her hand, pondering the matter. Her first impulse, which was to place the whole affair in the hands of Sir Horace's lawyer, she regretfully discarded. Any advice he might be expected to give her could only lead to the disclosure of Hubert's folly, which was naturally unthinkable.

Her mind flitted through the ranks of her friends, but they, too, had to be discarded, for the same reason. There seemed to be no other course open to her but to confront the villainous Mr. Goldhanger herself.

Having made up her mind, she wasted no time in further heart-burnings. It was characteristic of her that she did not consider herself entitled to draw upon Sir Horace's funds to defray Hubert's debt. Instead, she unlocked her jewel-

case, and, after turning over its contents, abstracted from it the diamond ear-rings Sir Horace had bought for her only a year earlier.

They were singularly fine stones, and it cost her a slight pang to part with them; but the rest of her more valuable jewellery had been left to her by her mother, and although she had not the smallest recollection of this lady her scruples forbade her to part with her trinkets.

Upon the following day she contrived to excuse herself from accompanying Lady Ombersley and Cecilia to a silk warehouse in the Strand, and instead sallied forth quite unaccompanied to those noted jewellers, Rundell and Bridge.

The shop was empty of customers when she arrived, but the sight of a young lady of commanding height and presence, and dressed, moreover, in the first style of elegance, brought the head salesman hurrying forward, all eagerness to oblige. He was an excellent man of business, who prided himself on never forgetting the face of a valued customer. He recognised Miss Stanton-Lacy at a glance, set a chair for her, and begged to be told what he might have the honor of showing her.

When he discovered the true nature of her business he looked thunder-struck, but swiftly concealed his amazement, and, by a flicker of the eyelids, conveyed to an intelligent underling an order to summon on to the scene Mr. Bridge himself. Mr. Bridge, gliding into the shop, and bowing politely to the daughter of a patron who had bought many expensive trinkets of him, begged Sophy to go with him into his private office at the back of the showroom.

Whatever he may have thought of her wish to dispose of ear-rings carefully chosen by herself only a year before he kept to himself.

A civil inquiry for Sir Horace elicited the information that he was at present in Brazil, Mr. Bridge, putting two and two together, instantly resolved to buy the ear-rings back at a handsome figure, instead of resorting, as had been his first intention, to the time-honored custom of explaining to his client just why the price of diamonds had fallen so low.

He had no intention of selling the ear-rings again; he would put them by until the return of Sir Horace from Brazil. Sir Horace, he shrewdly suspected, would repurchase them; and his gratification at being able to do so reasonably would no doubt find expression, in the future, in buying a great many more expensive trifles from the jewellers who had behaved in so gentlemanly a way towards his only daughter.

The transaction, therefore, between Miss Stanton-Lacy and Mr. Bridge was conducted on the most genteel lines possible, each party being perfectly satisfied with the bargain. Mr. Bridge, the soul of discretion, kept Miss Stanton-Lacy in his private office until two other customers had left the shop. Without a blink he agreed to pay Sophy five hundred pounds in bills; and without the least diminution in respect did he presently bow her out of the shop.

The bills stuffed into her muff, Sophy next hailed a hackney, and desired the coachman to drive her to Bear Alley. The vehicle she selected was by no means the first or the smartest which lumbered past her, but it

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



KEEN'S MUSTARD .. of course

was driven by the most prepossessing jarvey, a burly, middle-aged man, with a jovial countenance, in whom Sophy felt that she might repose a certain degree of confidence, this belief being strengthened by the manner in which he received her order.

After eyeing her shrewdly, and stroking her chin with one mottled hand, he gave it as his opinion, that she had mistaken the direction, Bear Alley not being, to his way of thinking, the sort of locality to which a lady of her quality would wish to be taken. He added that he had daughters of his own, begging her pardon.

"Well, that is where I wish to go," said Sophy. "I have business with a Mr. Goldhanger there, who, I daresay, is a great rogue; and you look to me just the sort of man I may trust not to drive off and leave me there."

She then got up into the hackney; the jarvey shut the door upon her; climbed back on to the box, and besought his horse to get up.

Bear Alley was a narrow and malodorous lane, where filth of every description lay mouldering between the uneven cobbles. The coachman inquired of a man in a greasy muffler whether he knew Mr. Goldhanger's abode, and was directed to a house half-way up the alley.

A dingy hackney, once a gentleman's coach, attracted little notice, but when it drew up and a tall, well-dressed young woman alighted, holding up her flounced skirts to avoid soiling them against a pile of garbage, several loafers and two small, ragged boys drew near to stare at her. Various comments were made, but these were happily phrased in such cant terms as were quite incomprehensible to Sophy.

"If I were you, missie," said the jarvey, who had climbed down from the box and stood beside her, whip in hand, "I'd keep out of a ken like this here, that's what I'd do! You don't know what might happen to you!"

"Well, if anything happens to me," responded Sophy cheerfully, "I shall give a loud scream, and you may come in and rescue me. I shall not, I think, keep you waiting for very long."

The door of the house stood open, and a flight of uncarpeted stairs lay at the end of a short passage. Sophy went up them, and found herself on a small landing. Two doors gave on to this, so she knocked

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The Grand Sophy

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on them both, in an imperative way. There was a pause, and she had an unpleasant feeling that she was being watched. Then there was the sound of a key turning in a lock, and the door was slowly opened to reveal a thin, swarthy individual, with long greasy curls, a semitic nose, and an ingratiating leer.

His hooded eyes rapidly took in every detail of Sophy's appearance, from the curled feathers in her high-crowned hat to the neat kid boots upon her feet.

"Good morning!" said Sophy. "Are you Mr. Goldhanger?"

"And what would you be wanting with Mr. Goldhanger, my lady?" he asked.

"I have business with him," replied Sophy. "So if you are he please do not keep me standing in this dirty passage any longer! I cannot conceive why you do not at least sweep the floor!"

Mr. Goldhanger was considerably taken aback, a thing that had not happened to him for a very long time. He was accustomed to receiving all sorts of visitors, but never before had he opened his door to a self-possessed young lady who took him to task for not sweeping the floors.

He stood back to allow Sophy to enter the room, and invited her to take a chair on one side of the large desk which occupied the centre of the floor.

"Yes, but I shall be obliged to you if you will first dust it," she said.

Mr. Goldhanger performed this office with one of his long coat-tails. He heard the key grate behind him, and turned sharply to see his visitor removing it from the lock.

"You won't object to my locking the door, I daresay," said Sophy. "I don't in the least desire to be interrupted by any of your acquaintances, you see."

Mr. Goldhanger had the oddest feeling that the world had begun to revolve in reverse. For years he had taken care never to get into any situation he was unable to command, and his visitors were more in the habit of pleading with him than of locking the door, and ordering him to dust the furniture.

He could see no harm in allowing Sophy to retain the key, for although she was a large young woman he had no

doubt of being able to wrest it from her, should such a need arise. The instinct of his race made him prefer, whenever possible, to maintain a manner of the utmost urbanity, so he now smiled, and bowed, and said that my lady was welcome to do what she pleased in his humble abode. He then betook himself to the chair on the other side of the desk, and asked what he might have the honor of doing for her.

"I have come on a very simple matter," responded Sophy. "It is merely to recover from you Mr. Hubert Rivenhall's bond, and the emerald ring he gave you as a pledge."

"That," said Mr. Goldhanger, smiling more ingratiatingly than ever, "is indeed a simple matter. I shall be delighted to oblige you, my lady. I need not ask whether you have brought with you the funds, for I am sure such a businesslike young lady—"

"Now that is excellent," interrupted Sophy cordially. "I find that so many persons imagine that if one is a female one has no head for business, and that, of course, leads to a sad waste of time. I must tell you at once that when you lent five hundred pounds to Mr. Rivenhall you lent money to a minor. I expect I need not explain to you what that means."

AS she spoke these words, Sophy gave Mr. Goldhanger her friendliest smile. He smiled back at her, and said softly: "What a well-informed young lady, to be sure! If I sued Mr. Rivenhall for my money I could not recover it. But I do not think Mr. Rivenhall would like me to sue him for it."

"Of course he would not," Sophy agreed. "Moreover, although it was extremely wrong of you to have lent him any money, it seems unjust that you should not at least recover the principal."

"Most unjust," said Mr. Goldhanger. "There is also a little matter of the interest, my lady."

Sophy shook her head. "No, I shan't pay you a penny in interest, which may perhaps teach you a lesson to be more careful in future. I have with me five hundred pounds in bills, and when you have handed me the bond and the ring I will give them to you."

Mr. Goldhanger could not help laughing a little at this. "I think I prefer to keep the bond and the ring," he said.

"I expect you would prefer it," said Sophy.

"You should consider, my lady, that I could do Mr. Rivenhall a great deal of harm by—"

Mr. Goldhanger pointed out. "He is up at Oxford, isn't he? Yes, I don't think they would be pleased there if they knew of his little transaction with me. Or—"

"They would not be at all pleased," said Sophy. "It would be a trifle awkward for you, though, would it not? But perhaps you could persuade them that you had no notion that Mr. Rivenhall was under age."

"Such a clever young lady!" smiled Mr. Goldhanger.

"No, but I have a great deal of commonsense, which tells me that if you refuse to give up the bond and the ring the best course for me to pursue would be to drive at once to Bow Street and lay the whole matter before the magistrate there."

The smile faded; Mr. Goldhanger watched her through narrowed eyelids. "I don't think you would be wise to do that," he said.

"Don't you? Well, I think it is the wisest thing I could

possibly do, and I have a strong feeling that they would like to have news of you in Bow Street."

Mr. Goldhanger shared this feeling. But he did not believe that Sophy meant what she said, his clients having the most providential dislike of publicity. He said: "I think my Lord Ombersley would prefer to pay me my money."

"I daresay he would, and that is why I have told him nothing about it, for I think it nonsensical to be blackmailed by such a creature as you, all for the want of a little courage!"

This unprecedented point of view began to engender in Mr. Goldhanger a dislike for his guest. Women, he knew, were unpredictable. He leaned forward in his chair, and tried to explain to her some of the more disagreeable consequences that would befall Mr. Rivenhall if he repudiated any part of his debt. He spoke well, and it was a sinister little speech that seldom failed to impress its hearers. It failed to-day.

"All this," said Sophy, cutting him short, "is nonsense, and you must know that as well as I do. All that would happen to Mr. Rivenhall would be that he would get a great scold, and be in disgrace with his father a while, and as for being sent down from Oxford, no such thing! They will never know anything about it there, because it is my belief that you do worse things than lending money at extortionate rates to young men, and once I have been to Bow Street, ten to one they will contrive to put you in prison on quite another charge."

"What is more, the instant it becomes known to the law-officers that you lent money to a minor you will be unable to recover a penny of it. So pray do not talk any more to me in that absurd way! I am not in the least afraid of you, or of anything you can do."

"You are very courageous," said Mr. Goldhanger gently. "Also you have much commonsense, as you told me. But I too have commonsense, my lady, and I do not think that you came to see me with the consent, or even the knowledge, of your parents, or your maid, or even of Mr. Hubert Rivenhall. Perhaps you would indeed inform against me at Bow Street: I do not know, but perhaps you may never be granted the opportunity." He produced his ingratiating smile again.

"Now I should not like to be harsh to such a beautiful young lady, so shall we agree to a little compromise? You will give me the five hundred pounds you have brought with you, and those pretty pearls you wear in your ears, and I will hand you Mr. Rivenhall's bond, and we shall both of us be satisfied."

Sophy laughed. "I imagine you would be more than satisfied!" she said. "I will give you five hundred pounds for the bond and the ring, and nothing more."

"But perhaps you have loving parents who would be willing to give me much, much more to have you restored to them, alive, my lady, and unhurt?"

He rose from his chair as he spoke, but his objectionable guest, instead of displaying decent alarm, merely withdrew her right hand from her muff. In it she held a small but eminently serviceable pistol. "Pray sit down again, Mr. Goldhanger!" she said.

Mr. Goldhanger sat down. He believed that no female could stand loud reports, much less pull triggers, but he had seen quite enough of Sophy to be reluctant to put this belief to the test. He begged her not to be foolish.

"In that event," said Sophy, "I shall certainly go to Bow Street, because I am persuaded they will not believe there, any more than I do, that it was stolen. If you have not got it, you must have sold it, and that means you may be prosecuted."

"You need not be afraid that I don't know how to shoot," Sophy told him reassuringly. "Indeed, I am a very fair shot. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I have lived for some time in Spain, where they have a great many unpleasant people, such as bandits. My father taught me to shoot, and at this range I would engage to put a bullet through any part of you I chose."

"You are trying to frighten me," said Mr. Goldhanger querulously, "but I am not frightened of guns in women's hands, and I know very well it is unloaded!"

"Well, if you move out of that chair you will discover that it is loaded," said Sophy. "At least, you will be dead, but I expect you will know how it happened."

Mr. Goldhanger gave an uneasy laugh. "And what would happen to you, my lady?" he asked.

"I don't suppose that anything very much would happen to me," she replied. "And I cannot conceive how that should interest you when you were dead. However, if it does, I will tell you just what I should say to the law-officers."

Mr. Goldhanger, forgetting his urbanity, said testily that he did not desire to hear it.

"You know," said Sophy, frowning slightly, "I cannot help thinking that it might be a very good thing if I were to shoot you in any event. You are a very evil man, and I cannot help wondering if a really courageous person would not shoot now, and so rid the world of someone who has done a great deal of harm to it."

"Put that silly gun away, and we will talk business!" Mr. Goldhanger besought her.

"There is nothing more to talk about, and I feel much more comfortable with the gun in my hand. Are you going to give me what I came for, or shall I go to Bow Street, and inform them there that you tried to kidnap me?"

"My lady," said Mr. Goldhanger, on a whining note, "I am only a poor man! You—"

"You will be much richer when I have paid you back your five hundred pounds," Sophy pointed out.

He brightened, for it had really seemed for a few minutes as though he might be forced to forgo even this sum. "Very well," he said. "I do not wish any unpleasantness, so I will give back the bond. The ring I cannot give back, for it was stolen from me."

"In that event," said Sophy, "I shall certainly go to Bow Street, because I am persuaded they will not believe there, any more than I do, that it was stolen. If you have not got it, you must have sold it, and that means you may be prosecuted."



"Frankly I'm worried."

"You need not be afraid that I don't know how to shoot," Sophy told him reassuringly. "Indeed, I am a very fair shot. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I have lived for some time in Spain, where they have a great many unpleasant people, such as bandits. My father taught me to shoot, and at this range I would engage to put a bullet through any part of you I chose."

"You are trying to frighten me," said Mr. Goldhanger querulously, "but I am not frightened of guns in women's hands, and I know very well it is unloaded!"

"Well, if you move out of that chair you will discover that it is loaded," said Sophy. "At least, you will be dead, but I expect you will know how it happened."

Mr. Goldhanger gave an uneasy laugh. "And what would happen to you, my lady?" he asked.

"I don't suppose that anything very much would happen to me," she replied. "And I cannot conceive how that should interest you when you were dead. However, if it does, I will tell you just what I should say to the law-officers."

Mr. Goldhanger, forgetting his urbanity, said testily that he did not desire to hear it.

"You know," said Sophy, frowning slightly, "I cannot help thinking that it might be a very good thing if I were to shoot you in any event. You are a very evil man, and I cannot help wondering if a really courageous person would not shoot now, and so rid the world of someone who has done a great deal of harm to it."

"Put that silly gun away, and we will talk business!" Mr. Goldhanger besought her.

"There is nothing more to talk about, and I feel much more comfortable with the gun in my hand. Are you going to give me what I came for, or shall I go to Bow Street, and inform them there that you tried to kidnap me?"

"My lady," said Mr. Goldhanger, on a whining note, "I am only a poor man! You—"

"You will be much richer when I have paid you back your five hundred pounds," Sophy pointed out.

He brightened, for it had really seemed for a few minutes as though he might be forced to forgo even this sum. "Very well," he said. "I do not wish any unpleasantness, so I will give back the bond. The ring I cannot give back, for it was stolen from me."

"In that event," said Sophy, "I shall certainly go to Bow Street, because I am persuaded they will not believe there, any more than I do, that it was stolen. If you have not got it, you must have sold it, and that means you may be prosecuted."

I inquired of a respectable jeweller this morning what the law is as regards to pledged articles."

Mr. Goldhanger, troubled by this unwomanly knowledge of the law, cast her a glance of loathing, and said: "I have sold it!"

"No, and it was not sold from you either. I expect in one of the drawers of his desk, together with the key, for I can't imagine who else should have bought such a handsome piece of furniture unless it was to lock valuable away in it. And it may be that you keep a gun of your own in it, so perhaps I should warn you that if you pulled the trigger quicker than I did, I left a letter at my home to inform my parents—where I had gone to, and what my purpose was."

"If I had a daughter like you, I would be ashamed to own her!" said Mr. Goldhanger, with real feeling.

"Nonsense!" said Sophy. "You would probably be very proud of me, and would have taught me how to pick pockets. Pray do not keep me waiting any longer, for I am quite tired of talking to you, and, indeed, have found you a deal less from the outset."

Mr. Goldhanger had been called a villain, a blood-sucker, a cheat, a devil, a prod, and innumerable other bad names, but never had anyone told him that he was a bore, and never had any of his victims looked at him with such amused contempt. He unlocked a drawer in his desk, and sought in it with a trembling hand for what he wanted. He thrust a ring and a scrap of paper across the desk, and said: "The money! Give me my money!"

Sophy picked the bond up and read it; then she put it with the ring into her muff, and withdrew from this convenient receptacle a wad of bills, and laid it on the desk. "There it is," she said.

Mechanically, he began to count the bills. Sophy rose. "And now, if you please, will you be so obliging as to turn your chair round with its back to the door?"

Mr. Goldhanger almost started at her, but he complied with this request: "You need not be afraid! I am very glad to see you go!" he said, looking on with fury.

Sophy chuckled. Fitting the key into the lock and turning it, she said, "You may imagine I'd be frightened if a turnip dressed up as a silly boy!"

"Turnip?" repeated Mr. Goldhanger, stupefied. "Turnip?"

But his unwelcome guest had gone.

To be continued

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

FIVE - YEAR - OLD Anne was lying on the rug. When her mother called to ask what she was doing, Anne answered, "Just nothing."

Sixteen-year-old David's answer to a similar question differed only in vocabulary, "Just loafing, Mum."

Doing nothing at all or loafing doesn't seem to bother most youngsters, but it's hard on the grown-ups. We apparently feel that children shouldn't be wasting their time, that "the devil finds work for idle hands to do." In one way or other, we try to urge them to do something.

Why should we? Unless there is a regular pattern of inactivity it would seem that there is no good reason for children not "to do nothing."

They may feel the need for taking it easy. It may very well be a more sensible way to do things than to rush from



Just daydreaming.

one thing to another as so many of us do.

Day - dreaming, unless carried to excess, has some real values. Taking a rest now and then is good for anyone. Getting away from the thick of things for a little while helps to keep us on an even keel.

Yes, there's a good deal to be said for doing nothing at all now and again in this busy life of ours.

All names are fictitious.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2463—Beginners' pattern for pretty blouse featuring very full three-quarter-length sleeves finished with tight-fitting cuffs. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 44in. material. Special price, 2/-

F2460

Fashion PATTERNS

F2460.—Smart matron's frock featuring slenderising pleated floating panels at the sides of the skirt. Sizes 40in. to 46in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 54in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2461

F2462

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4960, G.P.O., Sydney), and from the city depot, Stoddart's Building, 112a York St., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 44-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 444, G.P.O., Auckland.

F2461.—Elegant one-piece with high neckline, long sleeves, and flared skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2462.—Attractive frock and matching jacket. The frock has cleverly designed net yoke and is finished with a taffeta bow at the waistline. The hip-length jacket is fitted. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 54in. material, ½ yd. 36in. net for yoke, and ½ yd. 36in. taffeta for bow. Price, 4/9.

F2464.—Ideal ensemble for cooler days combines slim skirt and waist-length jacket with flattering high-upstanding collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 yds. 54in. material for jacket and 1½ yds. 54in. material for skirt. Price, 4/6.

F2465.—One-piece for party wear has a flattering stand-away cuff collar and full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F2464

F2465

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 399.—NIGHTGOWN AND BEDJACKET

Attractive nightgown and bed-jacket set, obtainable cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, sky-blue, or pastel-pink. Nightgown, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 43/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/9; postage and registration, 2/9 extra. Bed-jacket, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/6; postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

399



398

400

No. 400.—CUT-WORK "WATER-LILY" SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Handsome supper-cloth with matching serviettes, obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in Irish linen in cream; also in sheer linen in white, sky-blue, lemon, green, and pink. Cloth measures 36in. x 36in., and serviettes 11in. x 11in. Price, cloth 21/11; postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each; postage, 3d. extra. The cloth is also obtainable traced ready to embroider in heavy Irish linen in white. Cloth measures 54in. x 54in. Price, 42/11; postage, and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes to match, 1/6 each; postage, 3d. extra.

No. 398.—TRAYCLOTH, TEA-COSY, AND SERVIETTE

"Good Morning" set, including traycloth, tea-cosy, and serviette, obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider in Irish linen in cream; also in sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green; and in fine British cotton in pastel shades of blue, lemon, pink, and green. Traycloth, size 11in. x 17in. Price, linen, 6/11; cotton, 4/11; postage, 9d. extra. Tea-cosy, size 13in. x 10in. Price, linen, 7/3; cotton, 5/3; postage, 9d. extra. Serviette, size 11in. x 11in. Price, linen, 1/6 each; cotton, 1/3 each; postage 3d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

Stay younger - longer



Braziere - No. 7414
Bust - 32"-38"
(Nude Satin)

Corset - No. 3646/10
Waist - 23"-34"
(Nude Satin)

A Jenyns Figure MAKES YOU FORGET THE YEARS

Because a Jenyns controls your figure properly it controls your age. With smooth, gentle and lovely comfort, through correct control and scientific design, it gives support exactly where needed. These all wonderful things the Jenyns Patent Corset offers every woman, for there's a model type and a size to suit every figure.

For health and beauty wear...

Jenyns
PATENT CORSETRY

THE JENYNS PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD.

Obtainable All Leading Stores

What are other people thinking?



You feel fresh enough after that daily bath or shower, but what do others think later in the day when that tell-tale perspiration odour clings? ODO-RO-NO is your complete protection against offending. ODO-RO-NO banishes odour, checks perspiration immediately. For full 24 hour protection use ODO-RO-NO in the new, flexible bottle. It's so easy to apply—simply squeeze the bottle for a fine, mistlike spray.

Use **ODO-RO-NO** spray daily and be sure of yourself!



* WILL NOT LEAK, SPILL OR BREAK
* IT'S SO ECONOMICAL—GIVES YOU HUNDREDS OF SPRAYS.

Use this ECONOMY SIZE

LOOK FOR THE 'PIGGY BANK' IN
ECONOMY SIZE DISPLAYS AT
COLES, WOOLWORTHS AND PENNEYS



You buy wisely when you buy large economy sizes of packaged goods.

To illustrate this, The Australian Women's Weekly arranged that all stores in the chains of Penneys, Woolworths, and Coles will have special window and counter displays this month of the goods advertised in this economy-size shopping guide.

The displays will be assembled from large economy-sized packages of the goods illustrated on these pages.

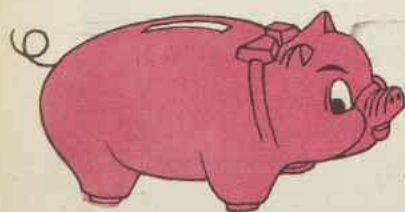
Follow the little pig through the succeeding pages, which tell you just why and how you save buying these sizes, and look for the same motif in the chain stores.

Make the most of the services the chain stores offer you . . . bright, open displays from which you can make your own selection quickly because every article is clearly priced. Only the most reputable merchandise is sold—that's why the chains can afford to offer you a money-back guarantee covering every purchase. Nothing could be fairer!

As a shopper, you save time and energy when you buy a large package.

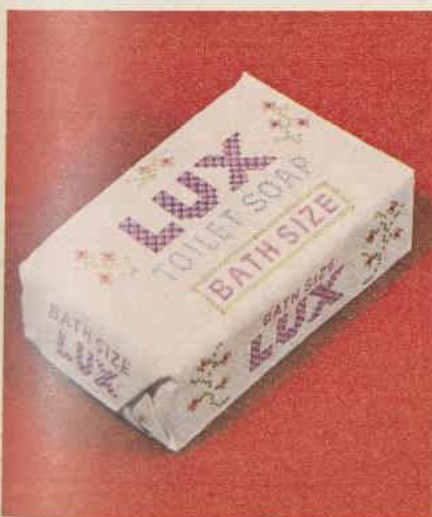
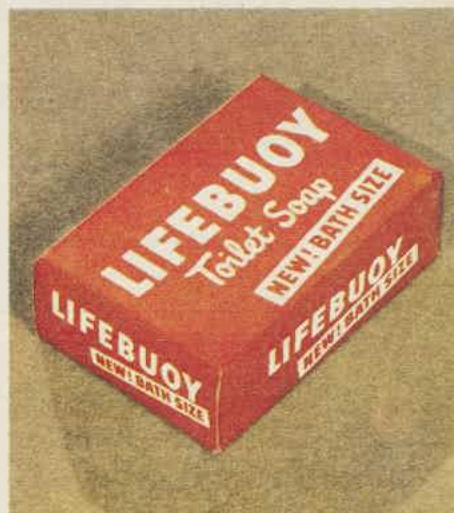
As a homemaker, you stock your pantry more safely and efficiently and MUCH MORE ECONOMICALLY.

You will soon realise the advantages, and make the buying of large-size economy packages your permanent policy.



FOLLOW THIS LITTLE PIG TO MARKET

SHOPPING GUIDE



TO LEARN HOW TO SAVE  TURN THE PAGE }

This Professor of Economics knows

WHAT A WATT'S WORTH



DID YOU KNOW THAT...

① a 75 watt Philips lamp gives
34% MORE LIGHT than a 60w lamp

② a 100 watt Philips lamp gives
48% MORE LIGHT than a 75w lamp

③ a 150 watt Philips lamp gives
70% MORE LIGHT than a 100w lamp

Well, maybe you didn't know all these facts—but they are facts! Of course you will have noticed that the higher the "wattage" of the lamp the more light you get per watt. So naturally when you buy higher wattage lamps you get...

MORE LIGHT FOR YOUR MONEY

Apart from the fact that you get more light from higher wattage lamps, they cost less per watt to buy as well. In fact, it's nearly 25% cheaper per watt to buy a Philips 100 watt coiled-coil lamp than it is to buy a 60 watt. "That's all very well," you say, "but what about the electric light bill?" Well, naturally enough, you'll pay a little more, but not nearly as much as you probably think. For example, if you were to use a lamp 3 hours a day, every day of the week, for 3 full months, the difference in your quarterly light bill when you use a Philips 100 watt lamp in place of a 60 watt would amount to less than the cost of a packet of 20 cigarettes. That's a surprisingly small difference, isn't it, when you consider how much more light you get. It's always as well to remember that poor lighting can cause eye-strain, headaches and nervous discomfort. Good lighting, on the other hand, can prevent accidents and it helps to make homes happier. Be sure you buy your "light" the wise and economical way by insisting on Philips lamps of adequate wattage and correct branded voltage to match your electricity supply.

Make your home brighter with

PHILIPS for **light**



IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH LIGHT

Apart from the practical considerations of economy and general lighting efficiency, let us look at the part light plays in building atmosphere, in lending warmth and charm to even the simplest home. The transformation imaginative lighting can produce in any decorative scheme is almost magical and, compared with other items in the home decorator's budget, is amazingly inexpensive, too. Here are just a few suggestions from Philips Lighting Service Bureau, which may start you thinking.



LIGHT FOR CLOSE WORK.

Close work, such as sewing, reading or writing, requires plenty of light. An I.E.S. better light-better sight standard lamp, fitted with at least a 100 watt Philips lamp, is the perfect answer. It's a remarkably attractive lighting effect in itself and it enables you to read or work with complete "seeing" comfort.

These few suggestions on lighting, plus your own imagination and ingenuity, will enable you to think of many different ways in which you can employ various Philips lamps to make your home a brighter, more interesting and happier home.



LIGHTING FOR EFFECT.

Living room atmosphere is enhanced when murals or pictures are featured by spotlighting or the careful placing of wall lamps. Philips Colorecta lamps are ideal for this dramatic application of light. Try, too, the placing of a lamp beneath a ground glass panel at which is stood a vase of flowers or some item of pottery.



FLUORESCENT LIGHTING.

For general illumination the judicious use of Philips fluorescent tubes in the new "warm" shades will provide adequate, delightfully soft, all-over light. For "atmospheric" lighting, fluorescent tubes may be concealed behind window pelmets or cornices to give truly dramatic results.



LIGHT—PLENTY OF IT.

Figures show that most household accidents occur in the kitchen or bathroom, and many of them through insufficient light. The solution to the problem here is a high level of general illumination (fluorescent is excellent) plus localised lighting over working spots such as the sink or stove.



PERSONALISED LIGHT.

Philips Philinea lamps, fitted on either side of bedroom or bathroom mirrors, are perfect for dressing, make-up, shaving, etc. Philips tubular lamps, installed inside wardrobes and operated by a plunger-type switch which turns the lamp on when the door is opened, add considerably to personal convenience.

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE

THERE'S MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS TOOTHPASTE



AUSTRALIA'S FIRST
AND MOST SUCCESSFUL
CHLOROPHYLL
TOOTHPASTE!

**Instantly destroys
Mouth Odours!
Tones up tender gums!
Cuts Dental decay!**

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll... complete dental protection.

Add up these benefits!

When you change to Kolynos Toothpaste with active Chlorophyll your breath stays fresh, your whole mouth feels clean for hours. Mouth odours are instantly destroyed not just "covered up."

Gum troubles — combated! After the age of 30, most tooth losses are due to gum troubles. Tests on 1,755 patients using

Chlorophyll toothpaste showed amazingly beneficial results.

More sparkle to your smile! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll contains a special polishing agent.

Dental decay reduced amazingly! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll fights dental decay in a new safe way. Cavities, pain, loss of teeth can be reduced amazingly!

So, today, buy your tube of this miracle Kolynos with Chlorophyll. Enjoy this completely new kind of dental care. Get more Chlorophyll protection with KOLYNOS.



Cool! Minty Flavour!
Complete dental protection!



Large and Medium now on sale
**SAVE ON LARGE FAMILY
SIZE**

Regular Kolynos still available

Look for
the **GREEN**
carton

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE





"With 8 children to wash for,
ECONOMY SIZE RINSO
IS A MUST! I depend on
 those thicker RINSO SUDS for everything
 ...whites, coloureds and dishes"

Mrs. Miller
 5 Van Ness Avenue
 Glen Iris, Vic.

The Millers of Glen Iris, Victoria, are typical of the thousands of families who have proved that ordinary suds can't compete with the magic of Rinso's thicker, richer suds.

at all
GROCCERS
 and
STORES



Buy the big
 thrifty
ECONOMY SIZE!

2138WWHH

More refreshing baths and showers
 from every cake of

Bath Size

LIFEBUOY



You buy wisely when you buy the big new bath-size Lifebuoy. This generous, he-man size cake is so thrifty—for all the family! See how many more refreshing baths or showers . . . what rich, foamy lather it gives you! It's the family's favourite bath-soap with the famous Lifebuoy purifying ingredient to protect you from B.O.



at all
CHEMISTS
GROCCERS
 and
STORES

BUY THE BIG THRIFTY BATH SIZE

W 315.WWHH



ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE

I LOVE THE BIG **BATH SIZE**
LUX TOILET SOAP. JUST ONE
 CAKE OF THIS FRAGRANT WHITE BEAUTY
 SOAP WILL MAKE YOU LOVELIER!

says

ARLENE DAHL

EXQUISITE PARAMOUNT STAR
 who stars in Paramount's technicolor
 production "Caribbean Gold."



FIRST FOR

Lather!
Perfume!
Colour!

at all
CHEMISTS
GROGERS
 and
STORES

Buy the thrifty, BIG
 BATH SIZE for your daily beauty bath!

Take the advice of 9 out of every 10
 film-stars — use Lux Toilet Soap.

LT170WWHPz

WHICH TOOTHPASTE
 GETS TEETH WHITEST?



PEP-

SO-

DENT

Only Pepsodent contains
 Irium to get rid of

FILM



Buy the **BIG**
ECONOMY
TUBE!

at all
CHEMISTS
GROGERS
 and
STORES



Dick Fair
 of "Australia's
 Hour of
 Song"

FT.108.WWH7g

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE



paul Duval

now presents

EVRON

in the new Gilt **ECONOMY CASE**



EVRON the original American formula lipstick . . . the only creamy, high-stain lipstick that really stays on till you take it off!

Completely new and absolutely different from any previous lipstick . . . indelible or otherwise. Sensational color success . . . with a truly non-drying, smoother, creamier texture that protects and beautifies your lips . . . gives a brilliant, lustrous finish.

With EVRON you're always at your best . . . no tell-tale smears on tea cups or napkins . . . no constant applications . . . no tedious repair jobs while he's watching.

THE CASE FOR ECONOMY

EVRON, the nation's favourite lipstick is now presented in the new Gilt ECONOMY CASE! Because EVRON stays on longer than any other lipstick it is the most economical you can buy.

Apply EVRON freely, allow to set for 2 minutes; blot off excess by pressing a tissue between lips (do not wipe).

EVRON in the Gilt ECONOMY CASE

EVRON de Luxe Swivel Lipstick

for only

4'6



In Nine Fashion-right Shades:

First Night	Grenadier Red	Really Red	Gay Gossip
Lady Be Gay	Mayfair Pink	No. 5	No. 8
		No. 12	

EVRON

by paul Duval

PD10.346

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE



'ASPRO' DOES WHAT IT CLAIMS!

That is why it has the biggest sale
in the world of any medicine of its kind.

*— and here
are 'ASPRO' claims*

- 1.— It stops headache in a few minutes.
- 2.— It is a proven and quick relief of colds
and 'flu and reduces feverishness.
- 3.— It relieves nagging rheumatic pains.
- 4.— It stops pain without harm to the heart.
- 5.— It relieves toothache and neuralgia.
- 6.— It is a splendid gargle for sore throats.
- 7.— It relieves muscular and nerve pains,
lumbago and sciatica.
- 8.— It soothes away irritability and removes
causes of sleeplessness.
- 9.— It is a wonderful help to women.
- 10.— It is perfectly safe for ALL the family.
- 11.— It can be taken frequently without
causing a habit or creating a craving.
- 12.— It acts swiftly, is certain and safe,
and can be taken anywhere, anytime.

**Swift
Certain
Safe!**

"The larger the size, the more you save"

**PRICED
WITHIN
REACH
OF ALL**

4d

Pocket or Purse Size

1/6

Medium Size

4/9

Giant, Family Size

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE



Thrifty-minded housewives buy 'big' to get top value for money



EVERY WOMAN WANTS to keep up a high living standard for her family. That means a constant ways-and-means battle to keep ever rising prices from bursting through her already stretched budget. Over the years she has found that famous brand names of Colgate Palmolive, have been her best buy because they have established a reputation for consistent high quality. She has found, too, that toilet products, such as soap and toothpaste, which are in constant use by the whole family, are much more economical when bought in the large sizes.

Palmolive is the soap that pleases both men and women. Although Palmolive is famous as a beauty soap for women, men are just as enthusiastic about it. They like it because it is a fine, mild soap and, although it has a

subtle fragrance, it is not over-perfumed. They also prefer Palmolive because its quick, active lather gives such an efficient cleansing action. Palmolive is recognised as the top favourite family soap.



Famous Palmolive Beauty Plan Gives New Complexion Beauty to 2 out of 3 Women

It is no idle promise when Palmolive soap offers women of all ages and skin types a lovelier complexion in 14 days. Tests have proved that Palmolive facials really work to make your skin fresher, brighter and altogether much lovelier.

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! These scientific tests—supervised by leading skin specialists—have proved conclusively that in only 14 days, regular facials with Palmolive... using nothing but Palmolive... bring lovelier complexions to two out of three women.

ALL YOU DO!

The method which achieves these remarkable results is really very simple. First, you wash your face three times daily with Palmolive soap. Each time you massage its beautifying lather on to your skin for sixty seconds. Then you rinse your face and dry. That's all!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

The famous red and white packet which contains Colgate Dental Cream is found in more homes than any other toothpaste. Proof of its excellent quality and proven effectiveness is the fact that, to-day, Colgate Dental Cream is firmly established as the biggest selling dentifrice in Australia and America... in fact, is the largest seller in the whole world.



Colgate Dental Cream Stops Tooth Decay Best

Tests published in authoritative dental literature show that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream does indeed stop tooth decay best! Two years' research at five leading American

universities proved that the Colgate way of brushing teeth is better than any other home method of oral hygiene readily available to-day. It also showed that the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in denture history! No other dentifrice offers such proof—the most conclusive ever reported for a dentifrice of any type.

Buy the BIG luxurious BATH SIZE



PALMOLIVE

It's economical and it's beauty giving! This big, big Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for bath or shower. Just the gentlest massage all over your body with Palmolive creates a rich beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing with fragrant loveliness. Palmolive really gives you a lovely complexion all over.



SAVE MONEY!

Buy the
GIANT SIZE
COLGATE DENTAL
CREAM

USE COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
✓ TO CLEAN YOUR BREATH
✓ WHILE YOU CLEAN
YOUR TEETH
✓ AND HELP STOP
TOOTH DECAY
BEST



ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE

*No ^{Pyrethrum} 1 Flowers
by Request*



Mr. Fly (deceased) never knew what hit him! One minute, he was buzzing around busily carrying dirt from one of his favourite filthy haunts and leaving it on family foodstuffs. A second later—he was out like a light!

For the fly that encounters activated Mortein Plus, death is very sudden . . . and extremely permanent!

What is activated Mortein Plus? It's Mortein with synergised pyrethrum; Mortein in which the deadly insect-killing power of pyrethrum flowers has been made two to three times more deadly by the addition of piperonyl butoxide!

Mortein always was the fastest-killing insect spray in Australia. The new Mortein Plus . . . activated Mortein Plus . . . is the most deadly weapon ever evolved for the war against the menace of insect pests. Yet it is completely harmless to humans!

ONLY **Mortein**

Contains **Pyrethrum**

activated with Piperonyl Butoxide.

SAVE MONEY AND SHOPPING TIME—BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

ECONOMY SIZE SHOPPING GUIDE





What will I give the children for lunch?
The answer to that daily question is... tasty, nourishing Imperial Camp Pie! As a cold meat sandwich it's great... blended as a sandwich filling it's delicious! Keep several cans always on hand to meet any sudden demand... it's a great standby, and the kiddies love it.

TRY THIS APPETISING SANDWICH FILLING

Ingredients:—Half of a 12 oz. can of Imperial Camp Pie, 1 finely chopped Gherkin, 1 dessertspoon Worcester Sauce, 1 pinch Mustard.

Method:—Blend ingredients into a smooth mixture. This is sufficient for eight sandwiches (16 bread rounds). Also makes a very good savory base and can be topped with Almonds, Capers, Olives, etc.

The other half of the can of Imperial Camp Pie will make an ideal lunch for Mother, or may be used in many other ways.

Ask your grocer for Imperial CAMP PIE

A59.102

Say 'YES' to Romance
because
Tact
Says 'NO' to offending

Double protection that lasts from bath to bath... checks perspiration... stops odour instantly. Safe for skin and safe for clothes.

Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy smooth cosmetic deodorant that contains Duratex — Colgate's exclusive ingredient that makes Tact safer!

Tact
THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT
to safeguard your charm

Snow-capped velvet cake wins £5

A decorative cake with a fine velvet texture tops this week's list of recipe prizewinners.

WHETHER you use the boiled frosting suggested or your own favorite icing, you'll win praise from the family and friends when you serve this cake on special occasions.

An appetising luncheon or supper dish of sardines on toast with egg sauce wins a consolation prize. One teaspoon of grated onion may be added to the sauce to give extra flavor.

Other consolation prizes are awarded to apricot coconut slice and nut-and-meringue kisses. These are simple recipes with delicious results.

All spoon measurements are level.

SNOW-CAPPED VELVET CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 3 cups plain flour (12oz.), 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sherry, mix well. Fold in flour and baking powder sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with boiled frosting and decorate with cherries and angelica.

Note: If liked, sufficient mixture may be taken out to fill 8 to 12 patty-tins and the balance cooked in a 7in. cake-tin.

Boiled Frosting: One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, essence to taste, cherries, and angelica.

Heat sugar and water gently, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually beat in sugar syrup. Beat until thick, flavor to taste. Spread quickly over cake. Decorate with cherries and angelica.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Quinn, "Araluen," Dawson St., Cook's Hill, N.S.W.

SARDINE-AND-EGG SAVORY

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1½ cups milk, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, 2 tins



FLOWER SPRAYS made from pieces of cherry and strips of angelica decorate the boiled frosting on this small cake, which keeps well. See recipe below.

sardines, 6 slices toast, paprika.

Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add salt, mustard, and milk. Stir until boiling. Add chopped eggs, keep hot. Arrange sardines on toast slices, heat gently under griller. Place on heated serving-dishes, pour egg-sauce over. Dust tops with paprika. Serve with garnish of parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. J. Errey, 796 North Rd., Ormond, SE15, Vic.

NUT KISSES

Four ounces sugar, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3oz. or 4oz. chopped nuts.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar. Beat over gently boiling water for 10 minutes. Remove from heat, beat 5 minutes longer. Fold in remaining ingredients. Spoon on to greased oven-trays a dessertspoonful at a time. Bake in very slow oven 1½ to 1¾ hours until crisp on the outside and dry inside.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Ferguson, 7 Gray St., Kilkenny North, S.A.

APRICOT COCONUT SLICE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour (or 1 cup plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt, 1 cup chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons shredded peel, 1 cup apricot jam, 4 tablespoons coconut.

ADVT.

You're right—the recipe was wrong

If you're a recipe fan you probably noticed that the recipe for Mellah Ice-Cream in our advertisement on page 48 of The Australian Women's Weekly of February 11 was incorrect. Because of the wide general interest in this recipe we now repeat that section of our advertisement. Here is the corrected recipe:

MELLAH ICE CREAM

One packet Mellah Dessert (any flavor), 1 pint milk, 2 level tablespoons sugar. One only of the following: 1 cup evaporated milk (Carnation Brand or other similar unsweetened condensed milk), or 1 cup powdered milk blended with 6 tablespoons cold milk, or 1 cup fresh cream, or 1 tin (4oz.) reduced cream. Make up Mellah as directed on the package.

Stir in the sugar, then the evaporated or powdered milk or cream. Freeze till set ½ in. in from sides of trays. Beat till thick and creamy and doubled in volume. Freeze quickly till firm, then readjust temperature to prevent over-freezing. Makes 1 quart.

—Betty King, Home Economist, World Brands Pty. Ltd.

Pot-holder apron

A BIB-TYPE apron in check cotton with a matching pot-holder attached is a useful item in a homemaker's kitchen wardrobe.

The pot-holder is conveniently attached to the apron by a slip-ring on the left side opposite the pocket.

Here are the directions and the materials required for making:

Materials: 1½ yds. 36in. cotton material, 5yds. bias binding, 1 slip-ring, small square of calico for interlining holder.

Measurements: Apron 21in. x 36in., bib 9in. x 9in., pocket and pot-holder 8in. x 8in., waistband 18in. x 3in., ties 32in. x 2½in., neckband 24in. x 2in.

To Make: Cut apron skirt, round the bottom corners and bind with bias binding. Bind top and sides of bib and all round pocket. Make holder with an interlining of calico and bind edges, leaving a loop of binding at one corner.

Make three pleats each side of centre front of skirt and sew to waistband, then sew bib in position and line waistband. Make ties and attach to waistband, then make neckband and sew to bib.

Sew pocket diagonally to skirt.

Place the slip-ring through a loop of bias binding and sew to waistband, and attach pot-holder to ring.

MOST convenient place for a pot-holder (left) is attached to your kitchen apron. See directions above for making this apron and matching pot-holder.



FISH DISHES

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Judged by nutritive values, fish is the equal of meat in protein. This is a point worth remembering when planning menus.

WHETHER you choose fresh, quick-frozen, smoked, or canned fish, it is still a good buy, because so many good, wholesome, and satisfying dishes can be made from fish combined with other ingredients.

Lemon and parsley are indispensable garnishes for fish, and lemon also helps to bring out the delicate flavor.

All spoon measurements are level.

BROWNED COD CUTLETS

One and a half pounds fresh cod cutlets, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon diced carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ stick chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, sprig of parsley, 4 peppercorns, 2 cloves, 1 scant teaspoon salt, 1 pint water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine or 1 tablespoon wine vinegar, melted butter, pepper, lemon, and parsley.

Wash and dry cod cutlets, rub with lemon. Place in greased baking-dish. Melt shortening, add carrot, celery, and onion. Sauté 2 or 3 minutes. Add parsley, peppercorns, cloves, water, salt, and wine or vinegar. Bring to the boil, pour over fish. Place dish on asbestos mat on top of stove, cover and simmer very gently until flesh is soft, white, and flaky, but not broken. Lift fish carefully on to greased slab-iron, brush with melted butter, dust with pepper. Place under hot grill until lightly browned, brushing once or twice more with melted butter. Serve hot, garnished with lemon and parsley.

ORANGE CREAM BOMBE

Half packet orange jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin evaporated milk (12oz. size), 2 tablespoons sugar, crystallised cumquats, frosted mint leaves.

Dissolve jelly in water, add lemon juice, gelatine dissolved in warmed orange juice, and grated rind. Chill evaporated milk thoroughly, whip until thick. Gradually add sugar. When jelly is cold but not set add gradually to the cream mixture and continue beating until very thick. Fill into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving platter, decorate with crystallised cumquats and frosted mint leaves.

Note: Crystallised cumquats are frequently obtainable from health food stores. They may be stored in the same way as any other crystallised fruit.

FISH CUTLETS LYONNAISE

One to 1½ lb. fish steaks or cutlets or thick fish fillets, lemon, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, salt, cayenne



BROWNED COD CUTLETS. cooked until tender then browned under the grill, are easy to prepare and good to eat. Peas, cucumber, and lettuce salad and a smooth orange cream bombe complete the dinner menu.

pepper, extra butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, parsley.

Wash and dry fish, rub with a cut lemon. Melt butter or substitute, add thinly sliced onion. Cook until onion is soft and yellow. Add sliced, peeled tomatoes, salt, and cayenne pepper. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Place fish on top of tomatoes, brush with extra butter. Sprinkle thickly with crumbs and cheese, dot with butter. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven until fish is soft and flaky. Remove covering, cook until topping is browned. Lift on to serving dish, spoon tomato and onion mixture around and garnish with lemon and parsley.

DEVILED CRAB

(An expensive dish, more suitable for "special occasions" than for everyday family meals.)

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sherry, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, salt and cayenne, 1 cup crab meat (fresh or tinned), 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, lemon slices, paprika.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add lemon juice, sherry, sauce, mustard, salt, and cayenne. Fold in crab meat and eggs. Fill into 4 greased ramekin dishes, top each with a slice of lemon and dust with paprika. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven, serve hot.

SMOKED FISH TIMBALES WITH TARTARE SAUCE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 cups flaked cooked fish (smoked blue cod or cape fillets), 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion and green pepper. Sauté 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add crumbs, fish, milk, and beaten eggs. Flavor with lemon juice, salt, and pepper. Fill into greased individual moulds, cover with greased paper. Stand in boiling water to come half-way up the moulds, steam approximately 1 hour, or until set. Unmould and serve hot with tartare sauce.

FISH BON FEMME

Four fillets of flathead, fishbones and heads if possible, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 thin slice of onion, 3 or 4 peppercorns, 2oz. mushrooms (more if possible), 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk or 1 or 2 tablespoons cream or cream from top of milk, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon, parsley.

Wash and dry fillets, rub with cut lemon. Roll up, secure with cocktail sticks. Place in saucepan with fishbones and heads, milk, onion, peppercorns, and sprinkling of salt. Cover, cook gently over very low heat until fish is soft, white, and flaky. Lift rolls out carefully, place in greased ramekin dishes, remove cocktail sticks. Strain liquor, adding a scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup to the milk. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and fish liquor, continue stirring until boiling. Beat in egg-yolk or cream, season with salt, cayenne, and a few drops lemon juice. Peel and chop mushrooms, sauté in extra butter until soft. Spoon over fish, coat with sauce, top with cheese. Place in oven until thoroughly heated and browned on top. Garnish with parsley.

dominated by the bald fact that from the time she had been eighteen she had loved Tom and gone about with him in the knowledge that everyone expected them to marry.

But he had never asked her. He'd gone to Paris and married a girl called Zoe Ainsley.

She thought, with something she described to herself as insight: I'm the second-best, the make-do in his life. And if that were true, she could never marry him.

She looked at her watch. There was still an hour before she need leave to meet Tom, but the empty house was intolerable. With feverish haste she dressed and picked up her coat.

There was no doubting the genuineness of Mrs. Bellhurst's pleasure at the sight of Anna. "How very nice, dear. I'm just getting Tess to bed. . . . But I thought you were meeting Tom?"

"I am, but not till eight," Anna replied as she followed Mrs. Bellhurst into the lower of the two flats into which she had converted her house when Tom went to Paris. "He doesn't expect to be through with Mr. Cartwright until then."

Mrs. Bellhurst turned, her face glowing. "It's wonderful, isn't it, that he's doing so well. In a couple of years he'll be on the board, and he told me last night that you'd found a flat."

Her small, still pretty face was wreathed in goodwill. She reached out and gave Anna's hand a quick, spontaneous squeeze. "Everything is turning out perfectly for you both."

A shout from the sitting-room interrupted them. Mrs. Bellhurst hurried from the room.

"That's Tess. She's probably thrown her cereal all over the floor."

Tess, her small face crimson with rage at fancied neglect, surveyed the soggy ruins of her supper.

Mrs. Bellhurst said as she mopped her up: "She's been a minx all day. Will you keep an eye on her while I get her cot ready?"

Anna superintended the drinking of a glass of milk. Tess having made her gesture of rebellion and been successful in capturing the attention of a new audience, was winningly docile.

Anna dropped a light kiss on the feathery curls. Then a gust of the mood that had been held temporarily at bay by her meeting with Mrs. Bellhurst and Tess whirled her into a vortex of emotion.

Tess was no longer a charming and intelligent baby she looked forward to making her own; she was a child who had been created out of Tom's love for another woman, a woman to whom, for all she knew, he might have given so large a part of his heart that there was little left for her.

She stepped back from Tess, feeling the storm wax to greater strength until she recognised it and gave it its name: jealousy.

Mrs. Bellhurst came back. "You don't know how glad I shall be for you to have Tess. Not that I don't adore her. She's a pet, but it's wrong for older women to bring up small children; they haven't enough patience. They're inclined to spoil them and keep them too subdued."

She lifted the child out of

the high chair, cuddled her for a moment, then said as she carried her out: "She's lucky to have you."

Anna followed her. There were questions she had to ask. "That time you went to Paris to fetch Tess . . . what about her mother's parents, didn't they want to keep her?"

Mrs. Bellhurst looked up, startled. Zoe's own mother was dead, and her father, who adored her, had no feeling for the baby. "I suppose that was natural enough . . . he was so distraught by Zoe's death. He was, as far as I could gather, a rather worldly man. I can't imagine him encumbering himself with a child," she said.

"No . . ." Anna murmured. She avoided Mrs. Bellhurst's puzzled glance and said quickly: "Have you got a photograph of her?"

"No." The intensity of Anna's mood penetrated to the older woman.

It was as if she divined, without words, Anna's unspoken question. "And I never saw her. She was buried the day before I arrived."

Anna fought desperately to keep her voice light. "I just thought it would be nice for Tess to have a picture of her mother, when she's older, I mean."

Mrs. Bellhurst moved to the window and opened it. Then she came across the room and put an arm round Anna's shoulders.

"Come and have a glass of sherry with me before you go. It'll be an excuse for me. I always feel there is something a bit depraved about a woman drinking alone."

When their glasses were filled, Mrs. Bellhurst raised hers. "To you and Tom, Anna dear. You know, when you were both much too young to think of such things, I used to hope that one day you'd marry."

Anna acknowledged the gesture, thinking, I was never too young. Tom was all I ever wanted, and even when I couldn't have him it made no difference, I wanted no one else.

But in those days her love had lighted no desire in him. The flame had only come from a girl called Zoe. She let her mind fill with pictures of that year of marriage.

It was a form of self-torture that left her shocked and appalled.

"Anna," Mrs. Bellhurst said anxiously, "you're not worried about anything, are you? If it's Tess, I'll gladly keep her for a time. If you feel it's unfair that you should be burdened with a child during the first months of your marriage, I'd understand, dear."

"Oh, no!" Anna got up. "I'm quite happy about her." She began to straighten her already smooth hair before the glass. She stared at her own features with active dislike.

She was good-looking in a calm, orthodox way; precisely the young woman any man of good sense would choose to be a second wife, confident that she would do him credit and be a happy companion and a mother to his child.

But I'm not like that, she thought passionately. I want him as a lover, chosen without sense or reason because I'm the one person in the world for him as he is for me.

"It's going to be all right,

Continuing . . . The Storm

from page 3

Anna," Mrs. Bellhurst said softly. "We're all so very happy for you."

A great gust of hatred for her own personality blew through Anna. She was an only child, brought up in love, with a natural grace and good manners towards people of her parents' generation, in fact an ideal daughter-in-law, the perfect stepmother.

But at that moment she longed to burst out in rebellion against their self-satisfaction in her, to reveal that she wasn't the calm, undemanding person they thought, but a girl passionately in love, possessed by a monster of jealousy that was capable of destroying all their hopes.

She knew as she stared at her own seemingly serene face that her pride was a hunger that had to be satisfied before it turned to ruinous ashes the life that was to be hers and Tom's.

Tom was waiting for her in the cramped foyer of the Soho restaurant. For a moment as he stood up and came to-

manent tie-up with a New York house. She listened to his enthusiastic outpouring with complete detachment.

All the material aspects of their life had become meaningless to her. She heard him saying: "There's a chance that I may have to make a trip over there in the autumn and Cartwright gave a hint that we might be able to stretch it to include you. . . ."

"Did he!" she murmured. The lack of response jerked him into awareness of her. She felt a tingle of excitement that she at least possessed the power to disturb him.

He said quietly: "Anything the matter?"

"No."

"There is," he said bluntly. "Have you had second thoughts about that flat?"

"No," she said, and after a moment's pause added: "I looked in to see your mother and Tess."

There was a tinge of relief



wards her, she weighed him up dispassionately.

He was tall and solidly built, with the confident carriage of a man making his way in the world.

His eyes crinkled with pleasure at the sight of her, and his smile was warm and carefree. She saw that the afternoon had gone well and that he was pleased with himself and completely relaxed.

She was appalled by the wide separation between them: between his confident survey of the future and her own total obsession with the past.

He took her arm. "Let's go in. Luigi's reserved our usual table. I'm famished."

For a second she stayed rigid in his grip, possessed by a violent and irresponsible desire to smash his solid world by refusing his request.

Then her courage failed, and she preceded him with a sentiment not far from hatred in her heart.

As soon as he had ordered their meal and wine he launched into a description of his afternoon.

Gerald Cartwright had brought back orders from the United States that exceeded their wildest hopes. There was even a possibility of a per-

in his smile. "Has Tess behaved to-day?"

"Moderately. She's getting a bit active for your mother."

"I know. I'll be glad when we take her off her hands. She's been looking tired lately."

For a moment Anna hesitated. She was uncommitted; she could still draw back. The storm of jealousy was her own possession and secret.

She could quell it and continue to be the sort of person everyone expected, cool, tolerant, kind. But the storm had grown too strong for her. Blindly, she plunged in: "Is Tess like her mother?"

Immediately she sensed an invisible but impenetrable barrier rising between them, and her response was savage.

He'd never spoken of Zoe, but now she was going to compel him to do so.

"In some ways," he said evasively, "though she's fairer."

The fact that he still couldn't bring himself to mention Zoe's name added strength to her attack.

She said in a cool, tight voice: "You know children are incurably curious about their parents, especially when they're dead. In a year or two Tess will be asking me ques-

tions about her own mother and I shan't be able to answer them."

He stared at her. "Just what are you trying to say?"

Her heart lifted with a combination of terror and exultation. The battle had begun.

"I'm only asking you to tell me something about Zoe, for Tess' sake."

"For Tess' sake or your own?"

The sternness in his voice frightened her for the second time that day. She had forgotten that Tom was a strong man with a deep grain of obstinacy in his character.

"All right," she snapped. "For my own. After all, I have some right to know."

He looked at her steadily, and then he gave her a smile of unusual sweetness. "You're right, I suppose. What do you want to know?"

She drew in her breath. It was an offer of an armistice. She had only to become gentle and tender, to respect his grief and all would be well.

Instead she said harshly, "She's been dead nearly eighteen months, and I think you should be able to speak her name to me without it crucifying you. . . ."

She felt his instant flinch of revulsion as if it were her own. Her cruelty was a black reproach to her.

Tom's gaze on her was inscrutable. Once again she sensed she was playing with forces beyond her control.

He spoke quite calmly: "There's comparatively little to tell. I met her in Paris after I'd been there a week. A month later we were married, on her eighteenth birthday. We had a year together and then she died. That single year was all she had of adult life. And she loved life so much: she was vital, gay, and generous. Rather naturally I've always felt that I destroyed her."

While he had been speaking she had looked straight ahead. Every sense in her willed her to make him say Zoe's name. When he had finished she said in a remote voice: "Yes, I suppose that is natural."

They were silent for a moment and then she looked directly at him. His face was that of a man stricken and bereft. He returned her gaze and immediately his expression lightened.

"Anna, darling, the last thing in the world I want is for you to be saddened by this. That's why, perhaps wrongly, I've always kept it to myself. It doesn't belong to our life. That's ahead of us."

His voice had softened. He reached for her hand, but she evaded it. She waited, when he had finished, for him to go on, to say: "But it wasn't like us. I didn't love her as much as I love you."

But he did not say the words her heart wanted to put into his mouth, and she knew that there were no other words that would satisfy her.

As they got into the car of which he was so proud because it was a concrete sign of his coming success he turned to her and said: "Anna, why has this happened? We've been growing so close to one another for months now . . . it's four weeks since you promised to marry me. Why have you turned like this?"

"I don't know," she said. "It came . . . perhaps it's been coming all the time." She

thought of Hilda, of this, of fingers prying to find the weakest spot, and she shivered.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "try to tell me what you mind."

She swallowed hard. It was like defying a whirlwind in a handful of words. "I don't want you to come to me. . . . She sought for a word and added softly, "sorrowing."

"Sorrowing . . . ?" She went on: "Before you went to Paris, you didn't want to marry me, did you?"

"No," he admitted. "I hadn't got on very far in those days. You were, in many respects, quite a bit above me. . . . you had pleasures and comforts that I couldn't have given you. Besides you were so young."

She had been eighteen months older than Zoe. Zoe had been the child of an adoring, well-to-do father. She smiled, her silence an accusation of the thinness of his excuse.

He did not speak until they drew in by the kerb outside her gate, then he said: "Anna, I don't know what you're trying to do. I don't understand you or even recognise you to-night. It's like talking to a complete stranger. Maybe it's my fault. If it is, for heaven's sake tell me."

"It isn't," she said. "Or not in any way that I can explain."

He looked at her helplessly. "Don't you want to marry me? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"I think it is."

"Oh, Anna," he pleaded. "Anna, don't do this, not now."

Anger and grief fought in her, and it was beyond her capacity to understand the forces at work in her. Anger won.

"I couldn't stand it," she burst out. "Being compared with someone you'd loved more than you loved me, somebody you'd worshipped and lost."

Once again she waited, holding her breath, for his loving and emphatic protest.

Again the words for which she longed did not come; he said wearily, "But it's not like that, darling. It's not that way at all."

They stepped out of the car on to the pavement and he went on: "Love is a living thing, not a dead one. You and Tess have all my heart and all my life. I love you Anna. I know that I shall love and prize you as long as I live. Isn't that enough?"

Without answering she began to search for her key. He held her lightly within the circle of his arms, willing her to make peace between them, but now her over-riding desire was to escape from him, from the humiliation of the battle she had lost.

He sensed it and his arm fell to his sides. "I'll ring you in the morning," he said abruptly, and then without another word he left her and went back to the car.

She paused in the darkness, the key poised in her hand, filled by a curious satisfaction that the evening had worked out to its logical climax.

Her step into the hall was light, like that of someone who has cast off every possession and richness, who stands bare and empty-handed at the beginning of everything—or was it the end?

My pride, she thought, that's mine. I've saved it.

Her father came to the door of his study and smiled at her.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 25, 1953

You can make a Coronation garden

By Our Home Gardener

Although the Coronation takes place in the Australian winter when the average garden is not at its best, a wide-awake gardener can, with a little earlier-than-usual preparation, make quite a brave show which all who pass may see and enjoy.



PATHWAY BORDERS will be a riot of color in June if planted now. Choose from the list of annuals given here.

Those gardeners who possess conservatories or heated glass-houses could undoubtedly

raise many flowering plants to set out in the open just before the big day. They could buy

forward plants of herbaceous calceolarias, cinerarias, begonias of many kinds, gaillardias, carnations, which if forced a long and competently handled would reach flowering by June.

Late varieties of chrysanthemum, if given adequate protection during May, would still be fit to make a brilliant display of color, and with care could then be set out where they would show their beauty.

For those who desire splashes of red, white, and blue, white alyssum, blue lobelia, and red verberna or similar plants should be set out without delay. If kept under glass until the blooming period, they could be planted out in individual rows just a day or so ahead of Coronation Day.

When planning displays of

flowers for such a special occasion as the Coronation, it is perhaps best to err on the side of lavishness. Decorative beds and wide splashes of color are often the most attractive for such a purpose, and it is almost impossible to overdo them.

This can be said, too, of the tub, window garden, and porch displays. In addition to placing large pots, wall brackets, and similar containers, hanging baskets or wall baskets can be used to good advantage. Even the shady side of the house can be used for such baskets and holders, using ferns and shade-loving foliage plants for the purpose.

Ranch-type furniture, hollow stone walls filled with soil and planted with hardy zonal geraniums or plants that spill over, such as mesembryanthemums, will make admirable decorations, or ammunition boxes, half casks, and concrete troughs will last for years, and if well colored must add considerably to such an exhibition of horticultural beauty.

EFFORTS should be concentrated on the front garden, where the lawns should be trimmed and tidied, shrubs pruned and put shipshape, and the flower beds filled with hardy annuals and perennials that bloom early in June.

The general display could be augmented by the use of window gardens and tubs and ornamental pots filled with geraniums, which flower practically the year round if trimmed up early, as with gazanias, verbenas, pansies, and violas.

For the more spacious beds, shrubs that flower in late May and June, such as *Luculia gratissima*, *camellias*, *daphne*, several of the *cassias*, Tasmanian wattles, and Queensland wattles, are indicated. Some *horonias*, *Geraldton Wax* bush, flowering quinces (*cydonias*), *diosmas*, *durantas* (for winter berries), *gordonias*, and

purple lantana are also likely to bloom during June and make a fine display if the weather is kind.

The gardener could, too, choose from others that flower in winter, such as *Berberis japonica*, *Chimonanthus fragrans*, most of the *ericas* (lime-haters), *Hamamelis mollis*, *Jasminum nudiflorum*, some of the honeysuckles, *Viburnum tinus*, and *Viburnum fragrans*, all of which can be relied upon for colorful heads in mild weather.

Early-sown *calendulas*, *Ice-land poppies*, *anapdragons*, *stock*, *godetias*, *cornflowers*, *marigolds*, *lupins*, winter *aconites*, *heliotrope*, *primulas* of many kinds, and if the weather is warmish, as it sometimes is in early June, annual *phlox*, *forget-me-nots*, *sweet peas*, and *salvia* could be used for coloring up the flower-beds during the celebration.

"Your mother was tired," he said. "She's gone up to bed. Come and keep me company for five minutes."

She followed him into the room, stepping into its normal homely atmosphere, relieved that she was no longer adrift in a strange world.

He made a gesture towards the bottle and siphon. "You won't join me?"

The sacredness of his single monthly bottle of whisky was an ancient family joke. She shook her head. Suddenly she felt dreadfully cold. She leaned down to poke the dying fire into flame.

"How was Tom?" The sound of his name, spoken so casually, let loose in her a surge of emotion that took her by surprise.

Outside on the step she had been so sure that she had cast him from her for ever. Now she saw the childishness and fullness of such a notion, and she wanted to weep.

Her father stared at her with mild curiosity as he puffed and lighted his pipe, then his eyes narrowed. Despite his inherent kindness he was a direct, even a brusque man. "What's wrong?"

She turned on him, her face pale, her expression one of such utter wretchedness that he was appalled.

"I'm not going to marry him," she whispered.

The shock was so great that for a moment he only stared at her, then he said slowly: "Can you . . . do you want to tell me the reason?"

"Yes," she said, and she knew that he was probably the one person in the world whom she could tell, that though he loved her fiercely there was no sentimentality in his nature.

Continuing . . . The Storm

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It was a halting and incoherent tale, with her voice rising to passion and falling away in misery.

He did not interrupt her, and when she had finished he did not speak, so that she was constrained to make a final desperate attempt at self-justification.

"If only he'd wanted to marry me before he went to Paris, before he met Zoe. I loved him then. Even when he married her, I never fell in love with anyone else. It's the same with Tom. I'm sure it is."

She buried her face in his knees and felt his fingers stroke her hair.

The silence was unbearable, so that at last she raised her head and said passionately: "Don't you see? Can't you understand?"

"Yes," he said gently: "Yes, I understand?"

"Then you must see that I can't marry him."

"Zoe's dead," he said. "She's dust and ashes in a foreign grave."

"No," She drew away from him.

"She's alive in Tom's mind, and so sacred to him that he can't even speak her name."

"Anna," he said. "Anna, you're lost."

There was such utter and absolute truth in his words that her anger and passion were instantly stilled.

She said with equal truth: "I don't want to be."

He stood up and tapped out his pipe into the ashes of the dead fire. He was not a man to speak easily of any deep emotion.

"Anna," he said slowly, "I

could talk to you for hours, tell you a great many things, but I don't believe they would help. I don't believe there is anyone who can help you but yourself. We all have our own notions about love. . . ."

He paused and drew his hand over his face, then he looked across at her directly, his eyes smiling at her, and she saw he was a little embarrassed.

"I may sound pompous, and I haven't the knack of putting it in the modern language you youngsters use, but I have always believed that love is a strange land, entirely individual to every living person, a land of the mind and heart in which everyone must find his own way."

"There's no chart, no precedent. The ones who find the way are those in whom the quality of love is greatest."

She stared at him and he said simply. "You're lost, Anna, because you're afraid." He came and rested his arm across her shoulders.

"To love someone is a great blessing, far greater than being loved. Don't throw it away unless you must."

She raised her eyes to his face. His words had no meaning for her. She only knew he had failed her. Dutifully she kissed him. "Good-night," she said.

"Good-night," he answered, and as she moved out of the room he called after her, softly: "Nothing on God's earth is ever quite perfect, Anna."

She went to bed expecting to lie awake half the night,

but to her surprise she fell asleep almost immediately.

She slept until early morning and when she woke lay staring without moving at the dark sky stretched beyond the window.

Her memory of the previous afternoon and evening was sharp and precise. She lay as still as if she had been physically hurt waiting for the pain to return, expecting to feel the storm still raging within her.

But it had gone. There was a weariness in her limbs, but in her mind there was only a rising alarm at what she had done. How could I, she thought aghast, how could I!

The storm of jealousy had consumed itself by its own violence.

With the clearness of mind that followed sleep her father's words ran through her brain. At last they had a meaning for her which she absorbed into her heart: she was uplifted by them and by a rising belief that the quality of her own love was so strong that there was nothing she could not accomplish with it.

She thought of Hilda and of her small, belittling words. Of course I mind. I'll always mind that there was Zoe.

The admission brought her peace. It enabled her to face the knowledge that there would be other storms, though none so great and so ravaging as this first one that had encompassed her.

Nothing, her father had said, was perfection, but lying alone in the morning darkness she knew him to be wrong: that it lay in her power to make her own love quite perfect, though it might take her a lifetime to accomplish it.

She thought of Tess, and

though the short springtime of love that had given her birth still had power to hurt her and would always do so, it was a hurt she would hug secretly to herself until it was stifled.

Then timidly and half-fearfully she let herself think of Zoe, the pretty, mocking ghost whose features she must draw for herself, the little grey shadow with whom she must learn to live.

Zoe was dead, the years would fade her, and Tom had declared that love was a living thing.

She reached out and switched on the bedside lamp. It was half-past five. At seven, she thought, at exactly seven I'll ring him.

She sat up in bed and there was a smile on her lips. She knew that he would understand and forgive.

There was no fear in her heart. She was no longer lost. The storm had abated.

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